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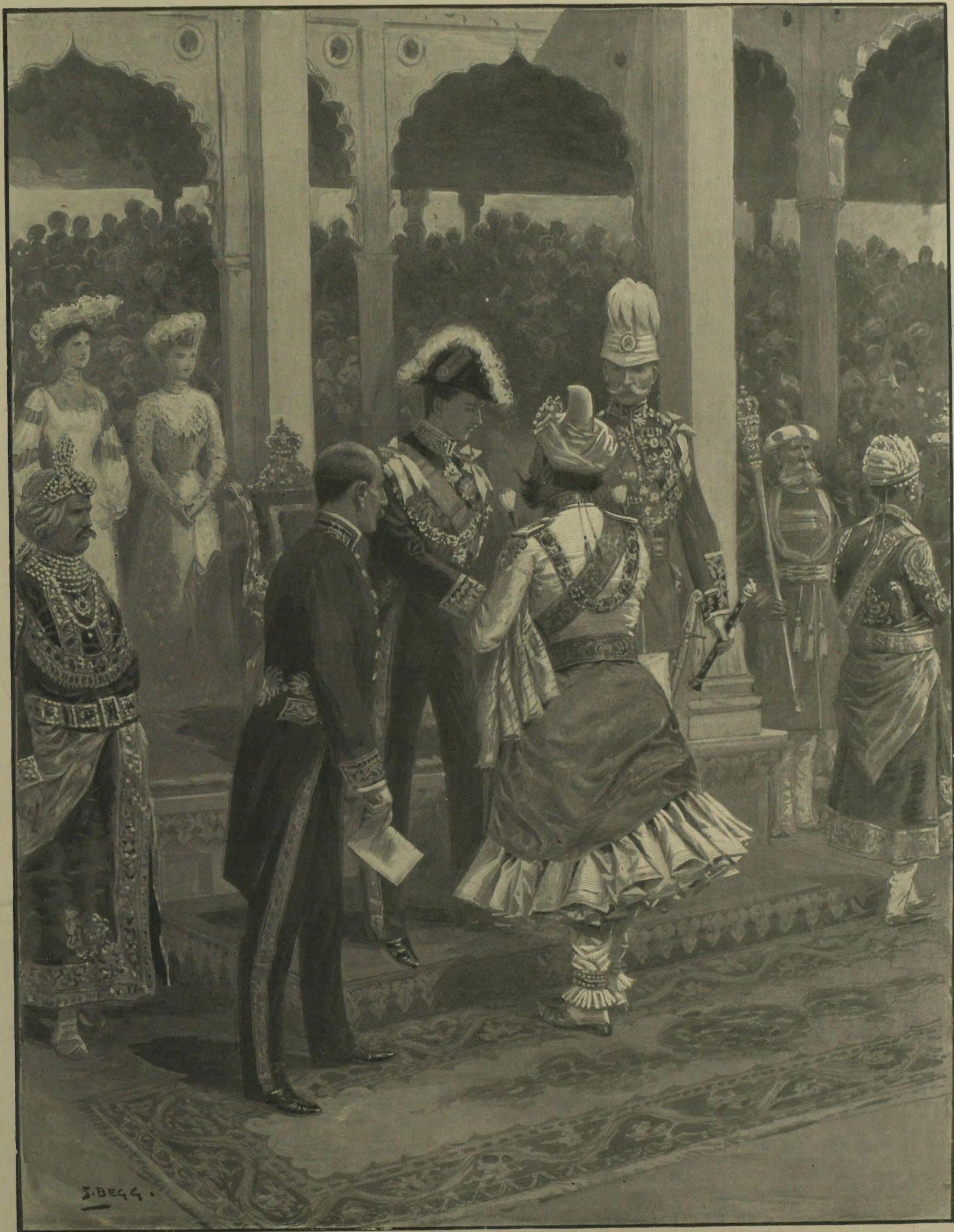
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1903.

WITH TWO
DURBAR SUPPLEMENTS { SIXPENCE.

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'The Maharajah of Bundi.'

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR, JANUARY 1: THE HOMAGE OF NATIVE PRINCES TO THE VICEROY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

From every part of our Indian Empire came a long array—ninety-eight feudatory chieftains in all, representing nearly one-fifth of the entire human race—to tender their allegiance to the Imperial Sovereignty.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The prophets of woe are again discomfited. While the war was going on, they told us every day that our military position was hopeless. When it was suggested that the Transvaal should pay a contribution to the cost of the war, they predicted that the British colonists would employ the argument of the American Colonies against taxation without representation. There was not the smallest parallel between the two cases; but the prophets were quite sure that Johannesburg would rebel rather than pay a sixpence for the war which blotted out Mr. Kruger. Now it seems that all those appeals to the example of America have failed just as signally as the daily demonstration that the military task was beyond our strength. Burke once laid down the principle, which some of his admirers forgot, that it is our business to hold the Empire, not to dismember it because we may not approve of all the methods by which it was acquired. "There you are," he said; "and the situation should be the preceptor of your duty." The situation has taught Johannesburg the duty of bearing with goodwill a share of the Imperial burden, in spite of a gilded preceptor in Park Lane who declaims against the tyranny of Downing Street.

Of course, the desire to see naught but evil in British policy is still unquenched. Melancholy pictures are drawn of the Transvaal, crushed by its "massive gold chains." More than half the money to be raised by loan will be applied to the development of the two colonies; but the prophet calls this disaster. It is a common operation of local government to borrow money for productive works; but in South Africa this is crime. The native problem points to the need of increasing the white inhabitants by British immigration; but the prophet says this is a scheme of oppression which must provoke a Dutch rebellion. Land settlement is very well if it gratifies the susceptibilities of the Boers; but if it should let in British settlers, down will come the vengeance of Heaven. Somebody invented the silly story that Mr. Chamberlain had agreed to the importation of Chinese labour, and straightway an evening paper, which has the prophetic frenzy without intermission, asked, "Did our soldiers die that South Africa might be painted Yellow?" Still sillier was the tale that the Boers had decided to "ignore" Lord Milner. I suppose it would be as simple a task to "ignore" the Governor of the Transvaal and the Orange Colony as it would be for the Opposition in the House of Commons to "ignore" Mr. Balfour. And yet Downing Street was solemnly warned by a prophet that any attempt to coerce the Boers into a recognition of the obvious would lead to calamity.

A few men in our time have had the gift of prophecy. One of them was Henri de Blowitz. He began life as a teacher of languages, went into journalism at the age of forty-five, and in a year or two was acknowledged as one of the oracles of Europe. In the remarkable memoir of him which filled more than a page of the *Times*, it was admitted that he had his "indiscretions"; but it was also admitted that when Printing-House Square sought to correct his "indiscretions" by suppressing his boldest prophecy, it did him a grievous wrong. De Blowitz foresaw the Franco-Russian alliance some years before it was formally consummated. For once his employer distrusted his judgment, and the momentous dispatch was not published. He said that after his death it would be found printed on his heart. He is better avenged, for, in the splendid epitaph on its great servant, the *Times* has done penance for a wrong with ashes on its head. As for "indiscretions," they do not press heavily on the reputation of the journalist who thwarted Bismarck. There was a time when the Iron Chancellor gave De Blowitz the lie direct; but we know the chagrin of Chancellors whose plans are detected and baffled. There were diplomats on the Bosphorus who thought De Blowitz deserved the bowstring for his use of the interview graciously accorded him by the Caliph. But of his long confabulation with Leo XIII. he never breathed a word.

We used to smile at his Olympian manner. It was most vividly impressed upon me one December day at Nice, when he sat upon a hill-top, and discoursed to an attentive circle upon the state of Europe. A quaint little fat man, in a huge white tie, he fascinated all of us—

... and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew.

For he did know a vast number of interesting things, and he knew them thoroughly. He had an eye for character, and for the real proportions of events—two great factors in politics which are hidden from the omniscient journalist of another type, who believes he has mastered the moral purpose of the universe, and lectures monarchs, statesmen, and peoples as if they were backward boys in a Sunday-school class. Courage was not the least notable of De Blowitz's qualities; and when you consider how he served the most powerful journal in Europe from such a storm-centre as Paris, the marvel is that Paul de

Cassagnac's polite apostrophe to the "Jew spy" was not followed by the expulsion from France of so fearless a critic. He was a Czech by birth, a French citizen by adoption, an English correspondent by profession, and a cosmopolitan by instinct. A rival to this surprising blend has appeared in the German Ambassador at Washington, who tells us that he was born in England, is Scottish on his mother's side, American on his wife's side, and German merely by paternity. Perhaps these combinations are destined in the scheme of evolution to break down racial animosities.

A flood of protest has poured into the office of this Journal from Victoria City, British Columbia. We all have our "indiscretions"; they help us to be meek. A reader who has pointed out to me that I wrote "compared to" when I meant "compared with" should be pleased to learn that when I read his letter I put on the hair-shirt which is always kept handy, and sat for hours in sack-cloth. Figure, then, the condition of my Editor and his staff when the voice of Victoria City, British Columbia, demanded why we had described Vancouver as the Canadian terminus of the Pacific Cable! Hair-shirts were solemnly handed round; we had a fresh wardrobe with the New Year; and I can warmly recommend this device for giving one the real sensation of a pricking conscience, which is usually a mere allegory. The Editor diversified our torments by narrating the performance of the bisons on the prairie when they first made acquaintance with the telegraph-poles. Finding the poles prostrate, the telegraph contractors set them up again, armed with steel spikes, which gave the bisons such delirious joy that they fought for the poles, and perished in great numbers. Probably you know this anecdote very well; but you have no idea of its soothing charm until you listen to it in a hair-shirt.

I have before me a mass of letters from Victoria City; reports of speeches there in honour of the Cable; and a copy of "Picturesque Victoria," which is certainly a most inviting document. Mr. Herbert Cuthbert, of the Tourist Association, has thoughtfully marked the Cable Station on a map with a purple pencil. Mr. Henry Goward, librarian of Victoria City, is still more precise. The Cable Station is in Bamfield Creek, presently to be called Fleming, after Sir Sandford Fleming. Our humble homage to Fleming *née* Bamfield. It is not indiscreet, I hope, to treat a Victorian creek as feminine. I note with pain that Bamfield, soon to be wedded with Sir Sandford Fleming's fame, is not on the map; it is not even a purple patch of Mr. Cuthbert's monitory pencil. When I drew the Editor's attention to this, he was for taking off his hair-shirt and sending it to the Tourist Association; but I reminded him that we were not yet purged of the offence of confounding Victoria with Vancouver. And why throw away a chance of being invited by Mr. Cuthbert to his delightful island? Look at the scenery, the salmon and trout fishing, the game that is waiting impatiently for rifle and shot-gun! Look at the climate; always spring or autumn; "zero weather, sunstrokes and prostrations from the heat, are afflictions only known to Victorians through newspaper reports from other parts of the world." Think of these lucky people pitying our part of the world with its winter fogs, rain, and piercing winds! Victoria City has none of the "nerve-destroying habits of New York." It is the home of "conservative business methods, happiness, and contentment." I crave for that idyllic spot, although the "conservative business methods" are a little too suggestive of the British Isles. Yes, at the earliest opportunity I am off to Victoria City. "Good," said the Editor. "But mind—no disrespect to Vancouver, though it has not got that Cable Station. For heaven's sake remember that there may be purple pencils in Vancouver City!" And all the hair-shirts trembled.

The astute editor of the *Young Man* is still persuading novelists to tell him what they think about the "decay of the novel." Most of his witnesses do not believe in it. They deplore the enormous circulation of inferior fiction; but they hold that, as Mr. Percy White remarks, "there is a discriminating public readier than at any time to recognise and encourage real merit." It is not as big as the "mob of indolent, uninstructed readers who prefer rubbish"; but it is big enough to make comfortable returns to half-a-dozen novelists, whose modesty does not permit me to name them. As for the "mob," it is not the creature of Board schools, my dear Mr. Kernahan. Before the Education Act of 1870, Harrison Ainsworth was more popular than Thackeray, and G. P. R. James, in the judgment of many, was the equal of Scott. The most lamentable taste in fiction to-day is to be found in the highly educated classes. The distinguished University man will tell you that he cannot stand Meredith, and that, when he condescends to a novel at all, it is usually a tale of crime for half an hour before dinner. The same enlightened critic avoids the drama, but drops in sometimes at a music-hall. He is typical of an ever-widening circle. Instead of denouncing the Board schools, which are only thirty years old, Mr. Kernahan should reform the taste of our ancient seats of learning.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MERRY WIVES" AGAIN AT HIS MAJESTY'S. Withdrawn in the height of its success, Mr. Tree's delightful revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was obviously destined to be re-staged at the first favourable opportunity, and now that the promised drama based on Tolstoy's "Resurrection" is not quite ready at His Majesty's Theatre, the time has at last happily arrived. Mr. Tree, of course, could not repeat that double engagement which in June last lent his cast such distinction; but though Mrs. Kendal no longer plays Dame Ford, Mrs. Tree, if a playful rather than a "merry" wife, makes an agreeable substitute, and Miss Ellen Terry still remains to invest Mrs. Page with the most refreshing and light-hearted gaiety. The actor-manager, too, resumes his familiar rôle of Falstaff, and proves afresh the versatility of his talent. Mr. Oscar Asche has returned from America in time to show again, as the jealous Ford, how invaluable is his masterful style in the robust Shaksperian characters. Once more we have that ripe comedian, Mr. Lionel Brough, impersonating the Host of the Garter, and other favourites such as Miss Zeffie Tilbury, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence suitably employed, while there could be no sweeter or prettier Anne Page than Miss Brayton's.

"A LITTLE PRINCESS," TRANSFERRED TO TERRY'S. It is pleasant to be able to say that the excessive mournfulness of Mrs. Burnett's "children's" play, happily re-styled "A Little Princess," has been materially modified, and that the painful spectacle of a sweet schoolgirl plunged from petted affluence into starved neglect is now merged in brighter representations of the dainty heroine's power of make-believe, and of her children-companions' piquant drollery. The more so because the acting of the piece, especially that of the youngsters engaged, was from the first quite perfect; and at Terry's, at which theatre "A Little Princess" is now placed in the evening bill, those youngsters—notably Miss Beatrice Terry, a bewitchingly natural heroine, as well as little Moyna Hill and Philip Tonge—are still retained in the cast. Distinguished grown-up players like Mr. Beveridge, Mr. George, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Carlotta Zerbini should be proud to assist such clever principals.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT FULHAM.

"The Babes in the Wood," the sixth of Mr. Henderson's pantomimes at the Grand, Fulham, bids fair to be the most successful of the series. Such success is well deserved: for here, thanks partly, no doubt, to the suggestions of Mr. Oscar Barrett, whose good taste seems evident in the musical terpsichorean and scenic details, is just the refined entertainment calculated to please children. Especially should they enjoy the lovely forest scenes wherein, as the Babes, the little Misses Gatman and Lohr act with that childlike simplicity which young playgoers esteem no less than their elders. There is no lack, however, of entertainment for grown-up folk—sprightly singing from Miss Millie Hylton and Miss Lydia Flopp; adequate spectacle, particularly in the ballet of fairy children and redbreasts; and also breezy fun, provided by Messrs. Walton and Lester, two most comic stage "villains."

NEW BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.

"The Milliner Duchess," the very bright ballet divertissement in one act produced at the Empire last week, bears a curiously intimate relation to the musical comedies now before the town. Success is the first consideration; dancing, *longo intervallo*, is the second; so we find a production with all the elements of popularity and few of the associations of orthodox ballet. Even then it is impossible to complain, for the divertissement trips as smoothly with long skirts and high heels as it was wont to do in the nights of flat shoes and more fanciful costume. Only the music is at fault: the pot-pourri that M. Leopold Wenzel has been asked to arrange from the scores of popular musical comedies was never written for ballet, and does not fit it. From M. Wenzel himself we should have had a score more intimately related to the entertainment. Mdlle. Genée bears the burden of the stage-work, and never dancer in St. Petersburg's Imperial Opera House or Milan's Scala moved more lightly across the stage or expressed more happily the joy as well as the poetry of movement. To Madame Katti Lanner, who is responsible for action and dances, and to Wilhelm, who designed the exquisite costumes, the usual measure of praise is due, nor can repetition spoil its sincerity.

ART NOTES.

The most important and significant movement in the world of art is undoubtedly that of the Decorative Arts and Crafts. No great reforms take place, or will do so, in the painting of pictures or making of statues. As long as the Academy exists, the Academician must be; and Academical work will always come from his hand. But the exhibitors at the New Gallery have set themselves the task of forgetting the traditions of the last hundred years. Morris took a backward leap into the fifteenth century when he founded the Kelmscott Press, and it may be said that the many exponents of many Arts and Crafts at the New Gallery either leap after him (albeit the less muscular among them find themselves in the sixteenth and even the seventeenth centuries), or are entirely original in their aims and workmanship. Great scope for the reformer, whether he recurs to the excellences of other centuries, or whether he invents new for this, there would be, supposing him set loose to devise the refurnishing of an average London house. A van into which he would needs empty the contents of his working ground would be his first necessity. We should say "vans" for the emptying process, where but one van would serve to carry in the reforming furnitures; for simplicity and moderation are articles of his creed. Indeed, in some respects the Arts and Crafts man is more severe in 1903 than he was in 1880. Where he would twenty years ago have used a wall-paper of a repeating pattern, to-day he is more fond of a

disease or plain one-toned paper. This we gather from the decrease in the numbers of wall-papers shown in the present, and seventh, Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street. Another refinement in the art of simplicity is the latest method of leaving, unpainted, wood, that Morris would have covered with a flat-toned paint, which was itself a vast improvement upon the previously prevalent painted-grain monstrosities.

To reform is the aim of these sons of the combined studio and workshop. They print beautiful books and bind them beautifully; they make bookshelves to hold them in safe and worthy keeping; they give us charming tables at which to read, sitting at a chair that may be called "artistic" with no implied reproach, for it has no wobble, these artists being essentially proficient craftsmen. The light we read by is shaded with the rare shade that is not ugly; the very shadows of candlestick or vase are elegant upon the unpatterned wall. Certainly the present exhibition at the New Gallery makes us ask ourselves why we do not all live in beautiful houses. The North Gallery is arranged on a happy plan of "recesses" or sections, in each of which a more or less master-craftsman and pupils, or a group of craftsmen, have been given a free hand to arrange at will.

Walter Crane, the President, occupies "recess No. 1" in a way not so businesslike as that of his associates in their own compartments. His efforts have not been to solve any of the problems that attend the metamorphosis of the average practical house into the practical house beautiful. Mr. Crane is unlike his fellows in that he is not practical. His eye is for the picturesque. We have no reason to believe that municipal maces, as they are now made, do not serve their purpose, whatever it may be, very well. But Mr. Crane has been busy "macing," and he has also designed a sword that is catalogued under the picturesque title of "The Sword of Good Heart."

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PERSONAL.

The King and President Roosevelt have exchanged congratulations by the Marconi system of telegraphy. Sir Norman Lockyer, by the way, thinks that the air-message should be called an "ethergram," but this is likely to be too unfamiliar for general use. The odds are still on "aerogram." It is curious to recall that when the electric telegraph was established a message was officially styled a "telegrapheme."

Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, who has been representing this Journal at Delhi, has received orders from *The Illustrated London News* to proceed to Somaliland, where he will record the operations of the Expeditionary Force. This will make Mr. Melton Prior's twenty-fifth campaign, besides many other important commissions.

Mr. Quintin Hogg, who founded the Regent Street Polytechnic, was accidentally asphyxiated on Jan. 17 in the institution to which he had devoted the greater part of his time and money. Born in London in 1845, the son of the late Sir James Weir Hogg, M.P., Mr. Hogg was educated at Eton, where he was distinguished as an Association football-player, and entered on a commercial career, eventually becoming interested in several important concerns. He gained his first experience of philanthropic work by holding a Bible

class at Eton, following this by teaching two crossing-sweepers to read under the shelter of the Adelphi arches. These small beginnings led to a Ragged School, the growth of which from time to time necessitated removal to larger premises, until at the end of 1881 the Polytechnic came into use. For many years Mr. Hogg never spent an evening away from the institution, and by his personal efforts and advice made it what it now is, the place of study of between seventeen and eighteen thousand young men and women. He married Alice, the eldest daughter of the late William Graham, M.P., in 1871.

The coroner's inquest held on Mr. Quintin Hogg has disclosed the lamentable fact that his death was caused by an escape of gas in a bath-room. His end was not unlike Zola's, and offers another ironical comment on the simplest appliances of mechanical science.

M. de Blowitz, who died in Paris, after a few days' illness, on Jan. 18, was, if not the most remarkable, certainly one of the most remarkable, journalistic figures of the day, and a man of whom the *Times* rightly said, "his death removes a worker who honestly desired the confraternity of nations, a political observer of great opportunities and singular acuteness." M. de Blowitz was always reticent as to his early life, but it is believed that he was born at Blowsk, Bohemia, in

1825, brought up on his father's property there, speaking the Czech language, and being a member of the Roman Catholic Church. For eight years he travelled over Continental Europe, largely on foot, and at the age of nineteen, having acquired a good general education, and an excellent knowledge of French, German, and Italian, he accepted a post as professor of foreign languages at the Lycée of Tours, subsequently performing similar duties at the Lycées of Angers, Poitiers, and Marseilles. His first appearance in public life was in 1869, when his revelation of the history of Ismail Pasha's special train caused the defeat of M. de Lesseps in the elections of that year. In the following year he became a naturalised Frenchman, and as one of the National Guard at Marseilles distinguished himself in the struggle against the Communists in the South. His connection with the *Times* dates from July 1871, and in May 1874 he inaugurated constant telegraphic communication with his paper by means of a private wire. Among his journalistic achievements are his revelation in 1875 of the intention of the German military party to make an invasion of France; his prediction of the march of the Russians to Herat; and his dispatch of the text of the Treaty of Berlin to his paper before it was signed. M. de Blowitz only retired in December of last year.

Lucido Maria Parocchi, Sub-Dean of the Sacred College, and one of the two last of Pius the Ninth's Cardinals, who died at his residence in the Chancery at Rome on Jan. 15, was born at Mantua in 1833, and received the rank of Cardinal in 1877, his appointment as Bishop of Pavia having been announced two years earlier. An eminent scholar and a man of wide views, Cardinal Parocchi was at the same time a man of action, and a believer in a more militant policy than that which has characterised the Vatican of late years. His death, in addition to being a serious loss to it, will delay the opening of the Commission of Biblical Exegesis, of which he was President. He was for some while Cardinal-Vicar of Rome; afterwards Chancellor; and was considered likely to succeed to the Papal throne.

An impostor named Hunsch appeared in St. Petersburg pretending to be a Boer "colonel," and to be charged by General De Wet with a mission to collect money and vilify the English. A certain Pastor Gillot, of the Dutch Reformed Church, who also collects money and vilifies the English, has denounced Hunsch.

M. Goubet, the inventor of the submarine boat bearing his name, who died in Paris on Jan. 15, devoted over twenty years to the problems of navigation under water, only to be met with continual disappointment. His first model promised well, and in September of 1886 Admiral Aube, the French Minister of Marine, commissioned him to build a submarine boat. The unsatisfactory trials at Cherbourg in 1890 and 1891, however, caused the rejection of his vessel. As a result of further experiments,

given before an official commission at Toulon, his work failed for the second time to meet with approval, and M. Goubet, his resources at an end, sold his patents to an English company. On M. Camille Pelletan taking office, the inventor broke his English contracts and returned to France. His difficulties, however, increased, and *Goubet No. 2* was sold for the benefit of his creditors. There is little doubt that these reverses were in large measure the cause of his death.

The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Captain (local Lieutenant-Colonel) A. S. Cobbe, D.S.O., for conspicuous bravery during the action at Ereg, Somaliland, on Oct. 6 of last year. Left by himself in front of the line with a Maxim, Colonel Cobbe brought in the gun and worked it at a most critical time, and also rescued a wounded orderly under an extremely hot fire. Colonel Swayne, in command of the force, personally witnessed the officer's conduct, and describes it as "most gallant."

By the death of Mr. Henry Tanworth Wells, on

Jan. 15, the Royal Academy lost one of its best business

men, and the art world an enthusiastic worker. Born in London in 1828, Mr. Wells was early trained as an artist, and, first exhibiting at the Academy at the age of eighteen, for some years devoted himself entirely to the painting of miniatures. In 1861 he exhibited his first portrait in oils, and seldom afterwards missed an Academy. Five years later he was elected an Associate, and in 1870 an Academician. At that time Mr. Wells was best known as a painter of portraits of Volunteers; in 1880 he finished his most widely known painting, "The

Princess Victoria Receiving the News of her Accession"; and his more recent work has been almost exclusively portraiture. During Lord Leighton's absence abroad, from ill-health, in 1895, Mr. Wells acted as Deputy President.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Plymouth, recalled the intervention of England, France, and Spain in Mexico for the recovery of debts. When England and Spain discovered that Napoleon III. had ulterior motives, they withdrew, and the French tried to conquer Mexico for the Emperor Maximilian. No doubt the Kaiser has studied this instructive piece of history.

Lord Rosebery's opinion that Lord Kitchener ought to be in Pall Mall instead of India is admirably summed up in the phrase, "We have sent Hercules to the Himalayas." Hercules ought to be clearing out the Augean stable of the War Office.

Mr. John Dunn Gardner, who died on Jan. 11 at the age of ninety-one, was well known to all interested in art matters as the owner of the remarkable collection of old silver and bijouterie sold at Christie's in the early part of last year, a collection which bore ample witness to his judgment and good taste. Mr. Gardner, who was a J.P. for the Isle of Ely and Deputy Lieutenant for Cambridgeshire, was educated at Westminster; was High Sheriff for Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire in 1859; and M.P.

for Bodmin from 1841 till 1846. He was twice married; first, in 1847, to Mary, daughter of the late Andrew Lawson, M.P.; secondly, in 1853, to Ada, daughter of William Pigott. Mr. Dunn Gardner was the donor of the reredos in Ely Cathedral.

Mr. Watson Rutherford, who has been elected for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, is a most successful solicitor in that city. He became Lord Mayor of Liverpool shortly before the West Derby vacancy, and resigned his municipal office, which he will now resume. Mr. Rutherford already enjoys the repute of the most hospitable Mayor the city has ever known.

Lord Charles Beresford has emphatically denied the assertions of certain newspapers in New York that he had called the Anglo-German action against Venezuela a deliberate attack on the Monroe Doctrine. The position of England has been so explicitly defined by Mr. Balfour that to put it down to hostility to the Monroe Doctrine is palpably ridiculous.

Sir Joseph Sebag-Montefiore, President of the Board of Elders of the Ancient Congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and until recently Consul-General for Italy, died, after a short illness, on Jan. 18. Born in 1822, the son of Solomon Sebag, nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore, Sir Joseph was a J.P., a former Sheriff of Kent, a J.P. for London and the Cinque Ports, a Lieutenant for the City of London, and a member of the Stock Exchange. It was he who headed the delegation from the Anglo-Jewish institu-

tions to the King on his accession to the throne. Sir Joseph, whose knighthood dates from 1896, was well known as a generous donor to Jewish charities. In 1851 he married Adelaide, daughter of Mr. Louis Cohen. A measure proposed by General André for the purpose of restoring certain officers to the French Army is said in Paris to be designed for the benefit of Colonel Picquart. A friend of his affirms, however, that he has not the smallest desire to re-enter the army.

"Esperanto" is the new universal language. It appears to be a blend of English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish, and is recommended by its professors with the greatest fervour as the most simple medium of international intercourse.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, President of the National Liberal Federation, has officially blessed Mr. Chamberlain's mission to South Africa. The Colonial Secretary, says Mr. Birrell, has "well and worthily maintained the interests of his country."

An action for libel in the King's Bench was disturbed one day this week by a stranger, who desired to explain a totally irrelevant case, and to distribute a pamphlet entitled "Voice Number 3 from Wandsworth Prison." The Judge was compelled to order his arrest.

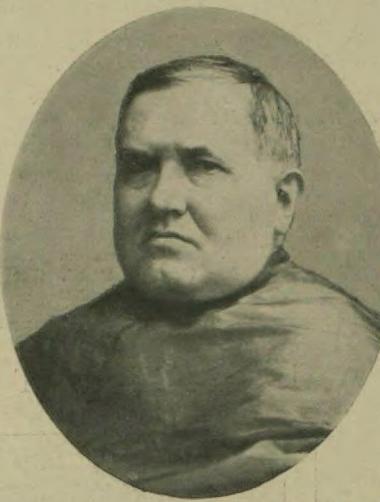
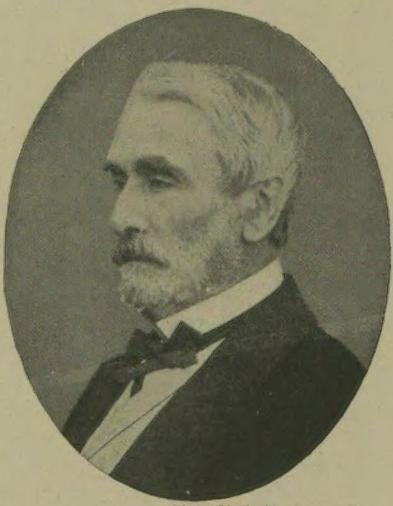
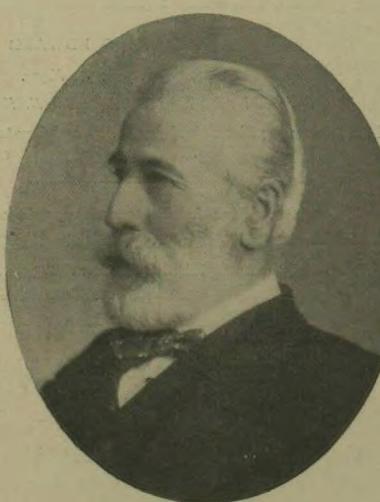


Photo. Ziegler, Paris.

THE LATE CARDINAL PAROCCHI,
Sub-Dean of the Sacred College.

Photo. H. T. Reed.

THE LATE MR. QUINTIN HOGG,
Founder of the Regent Street Polytechnic
Institution.Photo. F. C. Clarke and Son,
Collector of Works of Art.THE LATE M. GOUBET,
Inventor of the "Goubet" Submarine.Photo. Branger-Doyé, Paris.
THE LATE M. DE BLOWITZ,
Formerly Times Correspondent in Paris.Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR J. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE,
Former Consul-General for Italy.Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. H. T. WELLS,
Royal Academician.

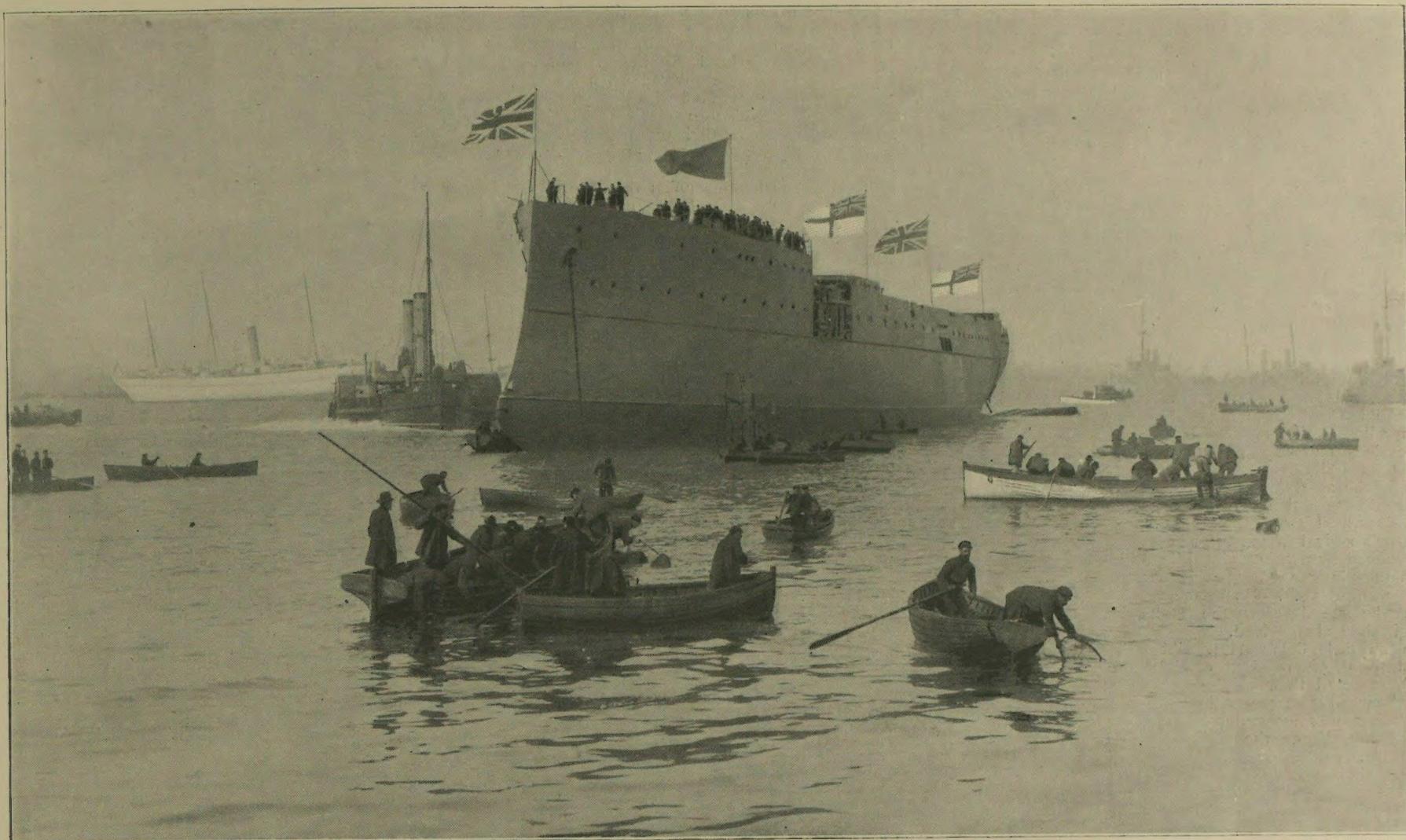
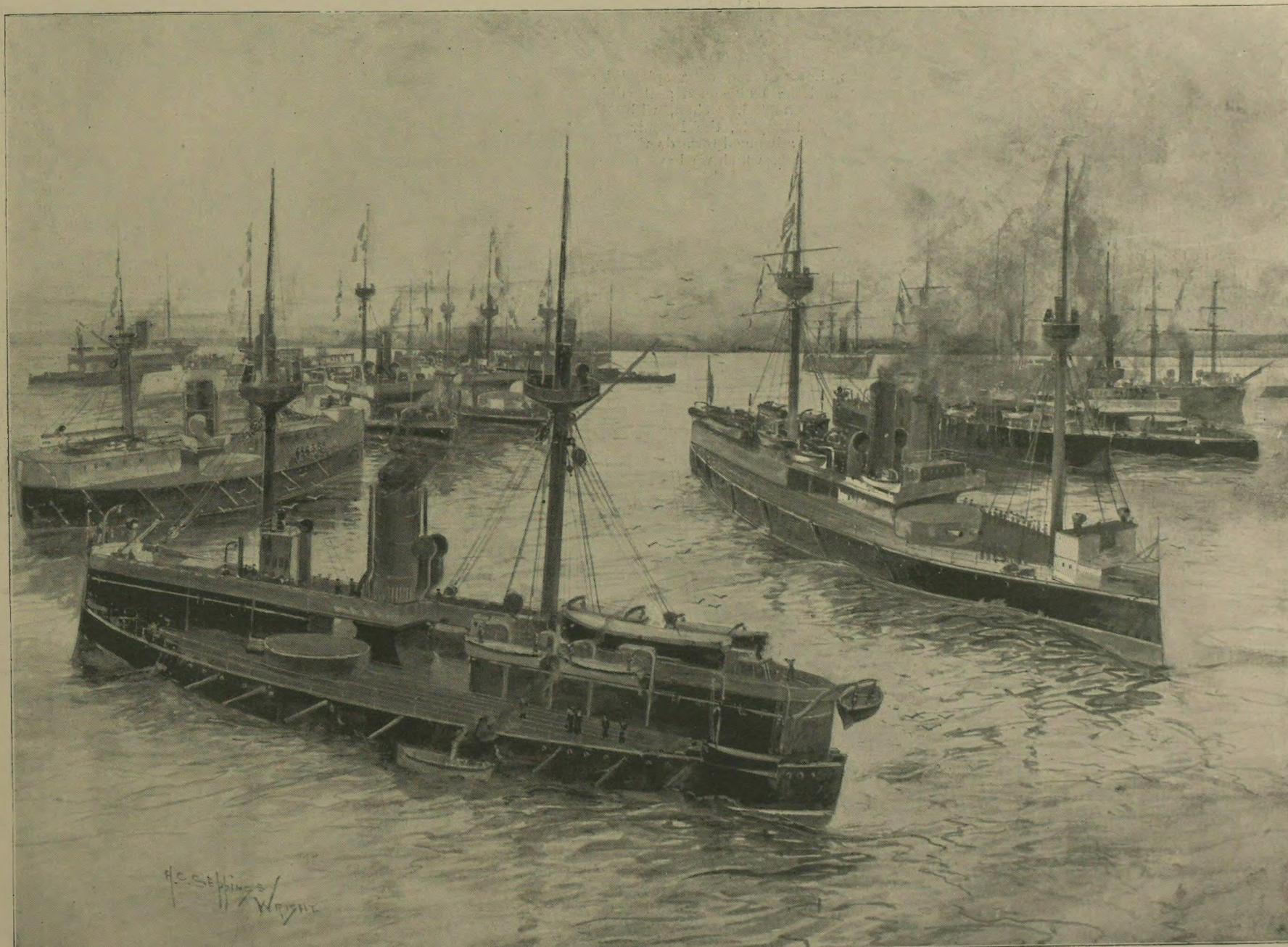


Photo. Russell, Southsea.

THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "SUFFOLK" AT PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD, JANUARY 15.

The "Suffolk," a first-class cruiser, was launched by Lady Stradroke. The vessel measures 440 ft. by 66 ft. beam. Her displacement is 9800 tons, and her indicated horse-power 22,000. She will carry fourteen six-inch, eight twelve-pounder, and three three-pounder quick-firing guns, two Maxims and two twelve-pounders for boat and field work. The boatmen in our illustration are picking up the grease which the vessel swept down with her from the ways.



Ajax.

Agamemnon.

Neptune.

A NAVY FOR SALE: OBSOLETE BRITISH WAR-SHIPS SOLD AND TO BE DISPOSED OF.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

Behind the "Agamemnon," reading to the right, are the "Ajax," "Cyclops," "Hecate," and "Gorgon." Left of the "Cyclops" are the "Polyphemus" (ram) and the "Glatton." Behind the "Neptune" are the "Bellerophon" (the only old ironclad which carried breech-loaders), the "Hydra," the "Swiftsure," the "Hector," and the "Iron Duke." The "Agamemnon" has been sold to Germany for £20,000.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR.

(See Supplements.)

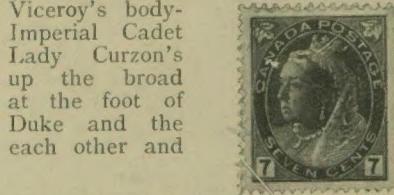
In former numbers we have described in outline the chief ceremonies of the Delhi Durbar, but now, with the arrival of Mr. Melton Prior's budget of sketches dealing with the proceedings of New Year's Day, as well as with the Viceroy's State entry into Delhi, we take the opportunity of publishing a more detailed description of the unrivalled scenes of pageantry where the magnificence of the East and West united to do honour to the Coronation of the King-Emperor. For days before Dec. 29, the date fixed for the Viceroy's arrival, Delhi had been *en fête*. Outside on the plain, the Durbar Camp, like a white city, extended over an area of nearly fifty square miles, and within the Mogul capital, particularly in the great thoroughfare of the Chandni Chowk, the merchant princes who carry on their traffic there had vied with one another to decorate the richest street of the Orient. From all parts of our great Indian Empire the native chiefs, with their picturesque and gorgeous retinues, had come to hear the Imperial Proclamation, and from these Western isles, as well as from the United States, crowds of the merely curious had gathered to witness such a display as even India had never seen before. On the morning of the 29th, the route from the railway-station to the Mori Gate had been lined by British and native troops. Exactly at half-past eleven o'clock, the Viceroy's arrival at the railway-station was announced by a salute of artillery, and fifteen minutes later another roar of cannon told the waiting multitudes in the streets and on the stands that the Duke of Connaught had also arrived.

With as little delay as possible, the representatives of royalty, official and personal, mounted their elephants, and a long and magnificent procession, symbolising all that was most dignified in our Indian Empire, began the march by way of the Fort, Elgin Road, Khas Road, and the circular sweep to the Jama Masjid. The procession was headed by the 4th Royal Dragoon Guards. Then came Battery H of the Royal Horse Artillery, four squadrons of Dragoons, and next the head of the escort. At a little interval rode one of the central figures of the approaching ceremony of New Year's Day, the Chief Herald, Major Maxwell, in his glowing tabard of silk and gold. Immediately behind him rode his attendant twelve trumpeters, six British and six native, arranged in groups of three according to nationality, bearing their silver trumpets and dressed in State coats of crimson velvet and gold. Next followed the officers of the escort of native troops, whose black faces contrasted finely with their scarlet tunics and their gold-embroidered turbans. Next in order rode one of the most splendidly picturesque groups of the entire spectacle—the Imperial Cadet Corps, in white tunics faced with blue and gold embroideries. Their turbans and kummerbunds were of pale blue, and above their headgear they wore a gold aigrette and cypher. They were headed by their Colonel, Sir Pertab Singh, who made so striking a figure in the Coronation procession in London.

The long line of elephants bearing the foremost Princes of India went by with glittering trappings and the jangling of many bells, and at length came the great beasts ridden by the Viceroy and Lady Curzon and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. As this part of the procession passed the Jama Masjid, the point from which our Artist made his sketch, it was possible to obtain a comprehensive view of the extraordinary train as it stretched away in a long vista down the circular sweep of road. So absorbing was the interest of the elephant procession that the succeeding array of carriages with high officials, and even the commanding figure of Lord Kitchener with his escort, and the wild Baluchistan tribesmen in their flowing white robes, evoked little or no enthusiasm. Of enthusiasm, indeed, the impassive Oriental spectators gave small sign at any time except when the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught were passing. Outside the Mori Gate the procession disbanded.

Passing over the ceremonies of Dec. 30 and 31, with which we have already dealt, we come to the culminating celebration of New Year's Day. The hour fixed for the Durbar had been altered from noon to 12.30, in order that the Moslem chiefs might celebrate at the Jama Masjid the conclusion of the Fast of Ramazan and the beginning of the Festival of the Great Id. But from an early hour equipages of every sort crowded the roads leading to the amphitheatre, bearing eager spectators of every hue. The circling tiers of seats, with their fifteen thousand spectators, presented a scene of kaleidoscopic brilliancy and variety, and the time of waiting was pleasantly lightened by the movements of the troops on duty within the ceremonial enclosure. Between the flagstaff

in the centre and the Viceregal dais the Gordon Highlanders were posted, and behind them came the massed bands of twenty-four regiments, two thousand instruments strong. Within the arena and on the plain beyond, forty thousand troops in all were drawn up under the command of Lord Kitchener. Thrilling memories of the Mutiny were revived when a body of British and native veterans who had taken part in the great struggle of 1857 marched to their places with such show of military precision as their years and infirmities would permit. Precisely at a quarter-past twelve the 9th Lancers escorted the Duke of Connaught's carriage to the Viceregal dais, which occupied the central point of the horseshoe enclosure. Then, escorted by the Guards, the guard, and the Corps, Lord and equipage swept drive and halted the dais. The Viceroy saluted then took their



NEW ISSUES OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

1. 7 CENT CANADA. 2. ½d. CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. 3. 6-CENT GUATEMALA. 4. ½-PIASTRE CYPRUS.
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, AND 12. PORTUGUESE COLONIAL PROVISIONAL.
Nos. 2, 3, and 4 were supplied to us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich;
the remainder by Messrs. Bright and Son, 164, Strand.

places, Lord Curzon on a splendid chair of silver and gold; and the Duke on a seat slightly lower and less richly ornamented. Then, with the proper heraldic flourish of trumpets, the Pursuivant of Arms, with his trumpeters, advanced towards the dais, and with elaborate ceremony, which we have detailed elsewhere, read the Proclamation of the King-Emperor's Coronation.

At the close the Royal Standard was unfurled, and as the concourse sprang to its feet the massed

largely Oriental. He dwelt upon the present condition of India, for which he augured the happiest fortune, and read King Edward's message to his Eastern Empire. He concluded with the wish, "Long Live the King-Emperor of India," and immediately the Herald, raising his helmet, led the multitude in resounding cheers, which rolled round the galleries and were taken up enthusiastically by the troops in the arena and on the plain beyond.

Lord Curzon and the Duke of Connaught then received the homage of the native Princes, led by the premier Prince, the Nizam of Hyderabad, ruler of the Deccan. Among those who followed were the Maharajah and Gaikwar of Baroda, the great Prince of the Mahrattas, and the Maharajah of Mysore, who is said to possess the best-governed Native State in India. There were also the Maharajahs of Jodhpur and Jaipur, of Bikaner and Travancore, and the munificent Maharajah of Benares, who lent his elephants for the State entry. The interest of the scene became intense when the only reigning Princess in India, the Begum of Bhopal, her blue purdah surmounted by a crown, laid at the feet of the Viceroy a casket containing a congratulatory address to the Emperor. Her Highness conversed for a little time with the Viceroy and the Duke, and then, with the Duchess and Lady Curzon. From Baluchistan came the Khan of Kelat, and there were Pathan chiefs from Chitral and Nagar and the representatives of dependencies whereof the great mass of their Western brothers know not even the name. Burmese, Siamese, quaint figures habited with a magnificence which the un instructed would call outlandish, owned the sway of the Anglo-Saxon conqueror. In long succession, these splendid feudatories filed past the throne, conveying to the Viceroy their congratulations to the Emperor. The homage lasted almost an hour, and then the Foreign Secretary asked Lord Curzon's permission to close the Durbar, and the memorable proceedings came to an end.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

Mr. Chamberlain arrived at Zanzibar from Mombasa on Dec. 21 in the cruiser *Forte*, and went aboard the *Good Hope*, afterwards being conveyed from that vessel to the Palace pier on board the Sultan's barge. After being welcomed by the British Consul and by the representatives of British and Indian communities, he was conducted to the Palace, where he was received in audience by the Sultan. Subsequently he was entertained at luncheon by the British residents. On the same evening the *Good Hope* left for Durban, which was reached on the 26th. Here again the Colonial Secretary was received with marked enthusiasm.

Landing shortly after ten in the morning, Mr. Chamberlain, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, drove to the Town Hall, where, after an address from the Municipality had been read, the Mayor welcomed the distinguished travellers in a speech of the most friendly nature. Mr. Chamberlain replied by reciting the objects of his mission. At the luncheon in the Town Hall, Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of an excellent speech, expressed the hope that his visit would strengthen the hand of Lord Milner, and that Boers and British would soon forget all that they ought not to remember, and that they would seek to work for the common good. On the following day the Colonial Secretary had interviews with several leading citizens of Durban, and attended a reception given by the Mayor in the afternoon, and a dinner given by the Governor in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were present at service at St. Paul's Church on the Sunday morning, and in the afternoon, accompanied by Sir H. McCallum, the Governor, left for Pietermaritzburg, travelling by the two o'clock train.

NEW STAMPS.

With reference to the six-cent Guatemala postage-stamp, included in the specimens of new issues we illustrate, Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. write: "On a closer examination of the stamp, we have made a very interesting discovery. Along the façade of the building there is an inscription, every letter of which is perfectly formed and distinct, and can be clearly read with the aid of a good magnifying-glass. This inscription reads as follows: 'Manuel Estrada Cabrera Presidente de la Republica a la Juventud Estudiosa.' The whole inscription, which is in one continuous line, occupies a length of only three-eighths of an inch, and is the smallest readable inscription on any postage-stamp ever issued."

In connection with the Portuguese Colonial provisional stamps, Messrs. Bright and Son write: "A little while back the Portuguese Government offered a large lot of the remainders of their Colonial stamps, but the quantity was too large for any dealer to purchase. Owing to the depreciation in Portuguese currency, several new values were required. They therefore took the opportunity of surcharging the old stamps with the new values."



THE GERMAN WAR-SHIP "PANTHER," REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN REPULSED BY THE VENEZUELAN FORTRESS OF SAN CARLOS, JANUARY 17.

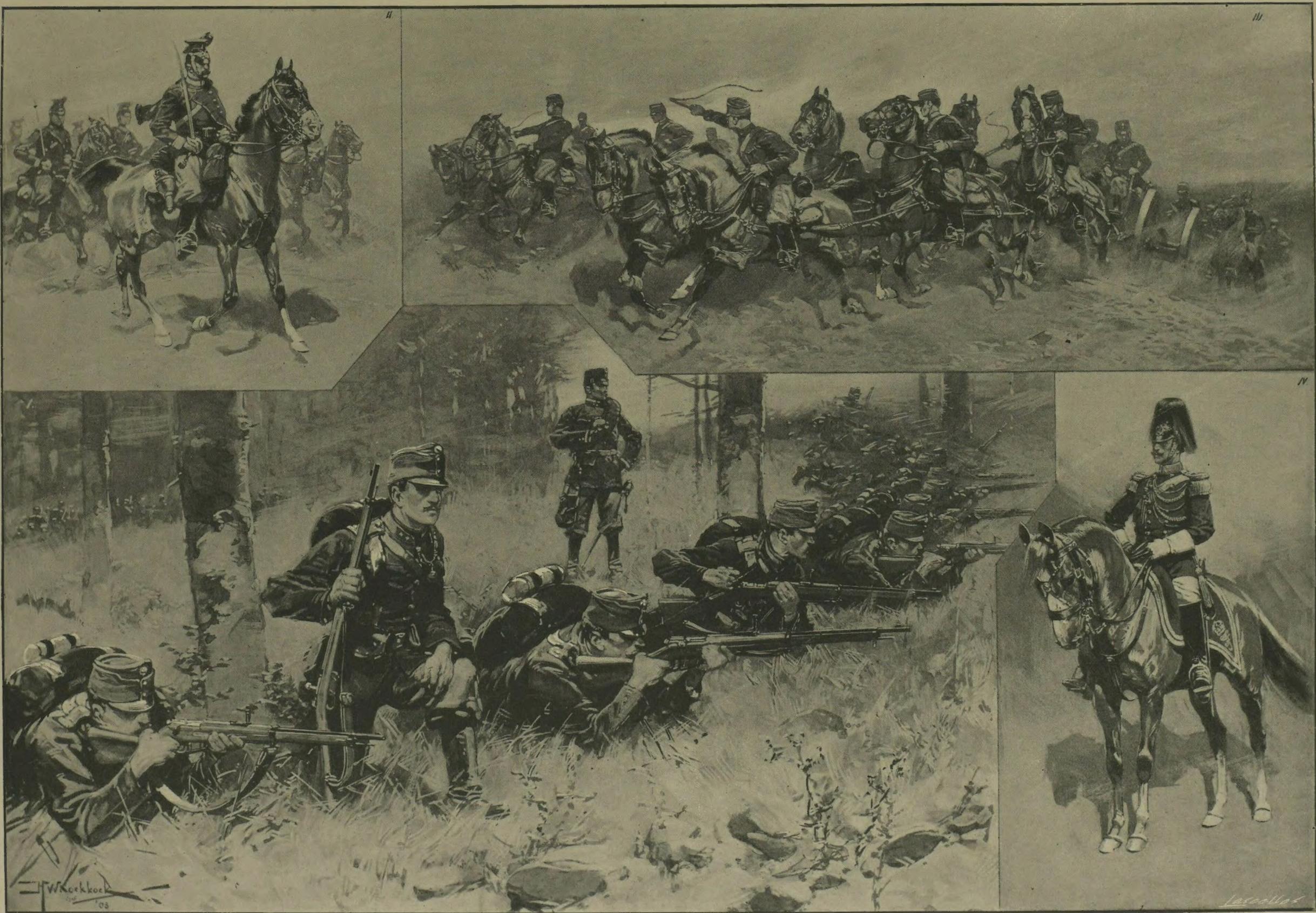
DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

It is said that the "Panther," while trying to force an entrance into Lake Maracaibo, fired on the fortress guarding the channel. After an hour's fight the German vessel is understood to have been repulsed. The authorities in Berlin profess to be without official knowledge of the incident, and assume that the "Panther" had been attempting to prevent the running of Colombian coffee across the gulf.

bands pealed forth the National Anthem, the sound of a *feu-de-joué* rolled up and down the ranks of the assembled soldiers, and the salute was taken up by the deeper throats of the artillery. After the last echo of the hundred and one guns, the Viceroy rose in his place and delivered a speech, which, if somewhat flamboyant in style, was thereby the better suited to an audience

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD.—No. V.: AUSTRIA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKHOEK.



1. INFANTRY: THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE FIRING LINE.

2. A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER OF UHLANS.

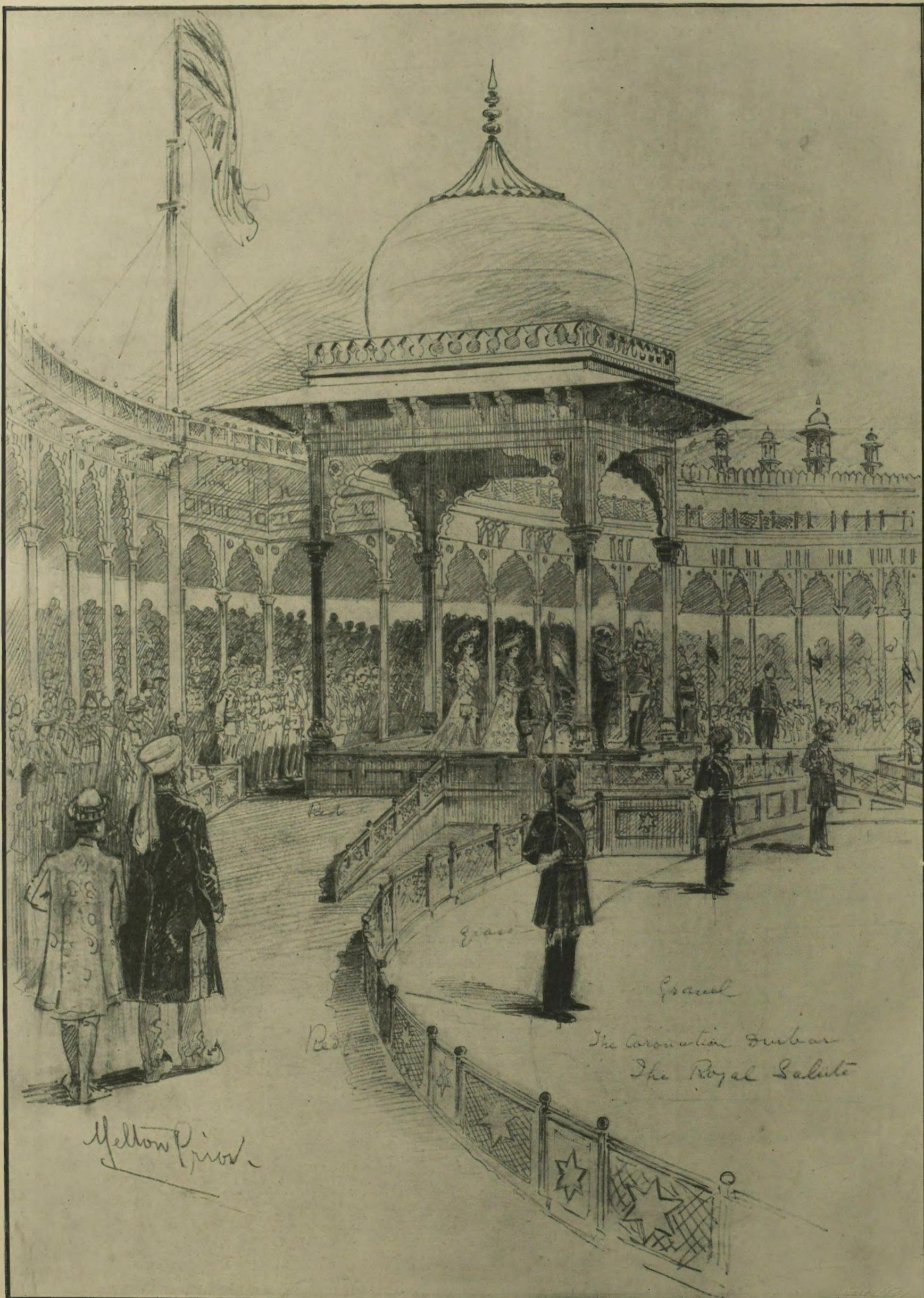
3. A BATTERY OF FIELD ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.

4. AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD CAVALRY.

Austria's fighting forces comprise the Field Army, the Ersatz, or supplementary reserve, the local forces of Bosnia and Herzegovina—all of which are common to both the Austrian and Hungarian sections of the monarchy—and the Austrian Landwehr and Landsturm.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



THE ROYAL SALUTE: THE VICEROY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ACKNOWLEDGING THE UNFURLING OF THE ROYAL STANDARD.

After the Proclamation had been read, the whole assemblage, led by the Viceroy and the Duke, rose to its feet and acknowledged the symbol of Imperial Sovereignty as it floated to the masthead, the salute being accompanied by the National Anthem, the rattle of a feu-de-joie, and the booming of artillery.

THE SON OF HIS MOTHER.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

III.—(Continued.)

The palace, which was fringed with verandahs, was a three-sided, ramshackle affair, with a courtyard in its bosom. The cross part of the figure faced Crighton; the lower steps were filled by ragged, red-coated link-men. A veiled and crumpled bundle, alone upon the upper step, was haranguing the assembly. A sea of humanity surged below her, a mob that was crested with weapons, and swaying with the impatience of fighting - men. Backs were to Crighton; faces were womanwards; but the backs were expressive. The rebels of the hills were out. And they had made raiding a fine art; and could make it so again.

Crighton saw nothing distinctly; all was distorted and twisted in his mind; he looked at the world now through a crooked glass; and lo! it was a Walpurgisnacht revel. But, if he had had the wit wherewith to measure events, he would have known that the unconscious city, babbling at the moonlight, was face to face with a very real danger. The handful of soldiers were snug in cantonments, which some muddle-headed tactician had placed south of Selimgarh; the road to the bazaars, beside which was scattered the civil station, lay open to the enemy. Here were the marauders, within an hour of the city; here, when a lovesick Deputy - Commissioner reckoned them fifty miles away. The descent had been incredibly swift and secret, and the tireless feet were nimble still.

"Fools! Sons of fools, to turn aside here! When I gave you the signal to go forward! Does a hungry man wait when God puts meat in his mouth?"

The exhortation wound up with a screech of exasperation, and the bundle of clothes rocked itself angrily.

"Ay, mother!" boomed a voice; "but Ganesh was to lead us, and we were to have the keys. Now Ganesh is dead under solid rock—he leapt the ravines once too often—and when

we went to find the Stunt-wallah—bah! he was gone. What would you, mother? Give us a guide and we go forward; give us, too, the keys. But otherwise! Are we picklocks, mother? We are fighting-men."

"To come here! To come here and ruin all!" shrieked the thin falsetto.

"The mother did not want to see us, *ji*. The hills were to crack the shell, and presently the palace would

eat the nut," growled one of the first rank to his neighbour. And with that up went a babel of hoarse argument, above which the Begum danced frantically, smitten by the shrewd remark between the joints of the harness.

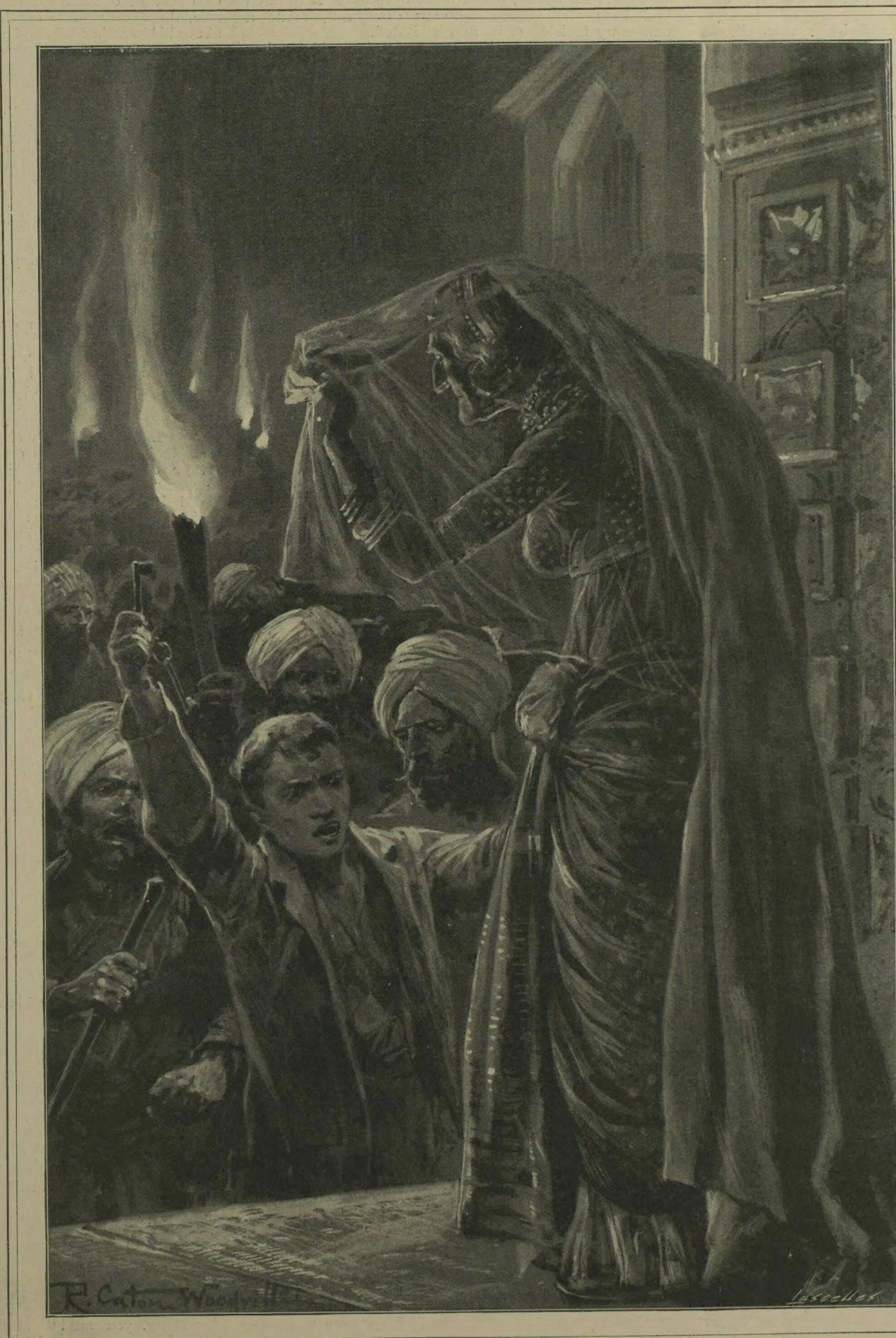
"I tell you the Stunt-wallah went back to his tents! I tell you I saw him go. And he carried the keys," she insisted presently, in a lull.

"Well, he was not there when we fell upon his camp; God be witness to that," said another of the hill - men. "But come—who's for putting faith in our own noses to smell out the Treasury before the *sahib-log* buzz at us. Ganesh is dead, true enough; but we are quick men, ready men. Surely hawks can seize the chickens before the hen runs out?"

"Yes, but the keys!" Another speaker turned upon him. "How long will it take to open these devil - things in which they keep the treasure-money? We must be off again before the daylight comes. And there will be still a little other looting to be done."

"Burn the door, son of a pig!" The old woman snarled at them. Then, raising her hands and throwing the muffled chin upwards, "They cry for a leader! Am I God, to make a man to fill a dead man's shoes?"

Something pale rose and sank in the brown sea of faces. It spread amazement and consternation from it, as circles spread from a pebble thrown in a pool. There was a low roar of voices, hubbub, and stir, and flying of hands to triggers, but the intruder pushed on, and the brown men foamed away from him. He was Crighton, *fey* and desperate, given over to his madness, deep in his dream, and deaf and blind to a world of reason outside it. The robbers huddled together, smitten and disarmed by his audacity; and the Begum, stooping to



"The keys!" he shouted, and waved them.

see, found him cast up at her feet. She stooped, brushing aside her veil; she remained stooping, and their eyes met. They read, in the instant of meeting, the knowledge that their kinship was known to each other.

Crighton saw a cold antipathy opposed to him. The old woman's pupil had the ghter of a snake's. This was her grandson, and she hated the thought, it was easy to see; and the reason, too, not difficult. For if, as it seemed, she had known all along, it was plain to read the feeling of a fallen Princess who saw rise up in the ranks of the conquerors the monument of her dishonour. They had been a proud race, and this base-blooded, degenerate thing was the last of them! If the rebels in their march had blotted him out, as might have happened but for an accident, would not a stain have been half-effaced, a reproach removed? There was that, and more than that, in the animosity of the woman's eye.

Crighton knew it, and as a man might learn a landscape from a flash of lightning. How much more there was behind, that rose from the coincidence of his appointment to Selimgarh, he was only able to grasp vaguely. The intrigue that had brought the hillmen out had roots in the palace. If Ganesh—who was Ganesh?—what matter?—if Ganesh had lived, the swarm would have swept over Crighton, straight to the city; and the Begum would have sat in her tower, beyond suspicion, and watched it go. The scheme had been disjointed; and a more active participation than a veiled plotter would welcome had been thrust upon the palace. It remained now to turn the raiders to the road as quickly as might be, that repudiation could be glib when questions came.

Crighton guessed much, and knew more by the working of some extraordinary sense above the need of proofs or reason. But he was *fey*; fiery specks danced in his eyes; he challenged the Begum to single combat by one mad, defiant look, and he won.

"The keys!" he shouted, and waved them. "The keys are here! A leader—a leader to harry the *Angrezi*? Who but I—I—I, I of the blood of the Princes of Selimgarh, I the man of the old race, the man who hates, I the servant of the gods who brought me here to night!"

Then, breaking the gasp from the crowd that closed his words, the Begum's voice piped out authority—

"Ay, he speaks true. This is my grandson; and the gods have sent him. Who follows the blood of Hari?"

IV.

The Deputy-Commissioner woke unwillingly. He was a ponderous man, and his habit of sleep was deep; he grunted and rolled over on his pillow before the hand upon his sleeve, the voice in his ear, roused him wide awake. He sat up, and blinked and yawned.

Mathieson was swaying on his feet at the bedside. He wore a pyjama coat and a pair of duck trousers, and unlaced boots. By way of ornament he had a gash cutting deep into his forehead, and he continually wiped away with the back of his hand the red beads that grew above an eyebrow, bulged over it, and trickled into his lashes. His grey hair bristled on his head, and the fumes of the brandy were dying away from him. Outside, a pony snorted; inside, the low-burning lamp showed a bare, wide-doored, white-washed room, with the two men's shadows sprawling big upon the wall. The night was intensely still and heavy, but orderlies and policemen scuffed, lantern-bearing, and fell over each other in the verandahs.

"The hillmen are down," Mathieson was saying. "They moved by my place half an hour ago, going to the city. I went to find out what was happening, and they chased me. Gad! I ran, and I got this, too." He wiped the bead away again. "Crighton gave it. He was leading 'em, with a yellow turban clapped upon his head. Mad, Sir—mad as Lucifer."

"Crighton!" Brumley rolled out of bed, and stupidly stared at the planter. "Go to—oh, get out of this, Mathieson! You're drunk, man!" he added brutally. "The hill-folk—Crighton! Oh, go home to bed."

"You don't believe it?" Mathieson said, and seized him by the elbow. "Think I'm a drunken old fool? Maybe I am. But listen, Brumley—just prick your ears and listen. *Chup rao, you narkar log!*"—to the buzzing servants—"There—and there! What do you make of that?"

They listened. The distance had in it the hum of angry men, the flat, occasional snap of firearms, and, more than these, a red strip of light that jumped out of the night and streaked the sky over against the outskirts of the station. A drum throbbed, and again a gun cracked. The glare of the fire remained on the horizon.

"Thank God they didn't wait to wreck my place!" said Mathieson. "But they're coming; and they'll get into the city before the soldiers can catch 'em, sure's my name's Mathieson. Crighton's a raving lunatic, and he's got a little hell behind him. It's the blood—bad, treach'rous blood, black blood—sure to tell—and, of course, they'll follow Chota Moti's son. Don't ask me how; there it is."

Brumley did not wait to hear him. He had burst into the verandah and was hustling the police-guard, questioning, bullying, and tearing on his clothes all at once. The answers he got were punctuated by the dull whisper from the Northern highway as it grew insistently upon the ear.

"Fetch the police-wallah Sahib. Salaam to Dallas Sahib—to Monckton Sahib—to Horsey!"

They came, some of them already near before the summons reached them; and policeman, forest officer, engineer, and doctor took each his place in the council of war.

"They must be held back from the bungalows; they must be held till Bevis brings his men," Brumley repeated. "And the message to cantonments—"

Well, that could not be trusted to any but a white man; and the engineer, who had steeplechasing experience to help him in a dash across country, tested his stirrup-leathers and clattered into the night. It was possible that the noise on the highway might warn Major Bevis that he was wanted; possible, but not probable, because it was the month of marriages, and the white population had had their ears besieged with tomtomming and fireworks for many nights. In fact, rockets were stringing into the sky close to cantonments still, in unconscious burlesque of a serious gunpowder show not three miles away from them.

"And now, you fellows," Brumley said, as the engineer's pony wheeled in the starlight across the lawn, blundered through roses, and leapt an aloe hedge that shut the garden from the road—"now to stop 'em." He filled the chambers of his revolver, slipped it into a pocket, and picked a hunting-crop from the rack. "Hang the brutes! But they've got to be stopped."

"Oh, I say, but how can four—?" the forest officer muttered under his breath. Nevertheless, he called for his pony with the others; and, calling, felt Mathieson touch him on the shoulder.

"You're young, Dallas," the planter said confidentially; and Dallas shrank from the reek of spirits. "Brumley's just a bully; he's no leader. But, remember, I knew em before you were born. . . . Don't be rushed. If he keeps to talk, he'll do; but he won't. Hunting-crop—Lord! He ought to go empty-handed, gloved, dressed like a gentleman. And slow—no hurry, just riding quietly up to meet 'em—oh, I know."

The forest officer, whose attitude towards Mathieson had been one of contemptuous disrespect, made a temporary revision of it, and hesitated.

"There must be hurry, though," he said; "they have to be held in check before they get to the bungalows."

"Bungalows? The Haviot girl!" Mathieson grunted, and then he leered abominably, and became once more a disreputable old person, partially sober, and wholly unpleasant.

Dallas turned away and joined the cavalcade as it moved out of the gates. When they jostled each other at the loop of the drive he looked round, and found that Mathieson was bobbing beside him on a yellow pony, reins bunched and head nodding.

"Here, I say!" Dallas cried. "You're too—too old for this sort of thing. You'd better go back."

"Think so?" Mathieson dug his heels into the pony's flanks and steadied himself by the mane. "I've got Mutiny medal somewhere, two clasps. And then there's that Crighton f'llo—Brumley don't believe me. But I tell you I know, my lad, and hunting-crops are worse companions than poor old muddled Mathieson."

He dropped to the rear with his last word, for Brumley's waler was setting the pace to a lathering gallop, and the four young men soon outdistanced him. They steered by the byways for the road from the North, and flung the bamboos and the nestling villages, the nullahs, and the glistening white culverts behind them. Now and then the hoofs thumped through a sandy lane, and while their beat was thus deadened the clang of the invaders rose to their ears. But they had more than that to guide them: the red streak was plainly visible ahead, below the peaceful beauty of the stars.

The collision, when it came, was unexpectedly sudden. Brumley flew round a last corner, and lo! he had met the road, shimmering in the pale light for fifty yards, and there blocked and blotted by a swarm of men, that buzzed perceptibly towards them. The marauders did not blur the road; they cut it sheer across. Their body was topped by a foam of silvered weapons and ragged *pagrīs*, and it droned with the peculiar, nasal groan of an Eastern mob.

"Better go slow, hadn't we?" Dallas said to the doctor, not unmindful. "Look as if we were given to starlight outings?"

"Brumley thinks not," the doctor gasped, rising short-breathed in his stirrups; and with that the ranks closed up.

The last span of the ride did not appear to be compassed by the effort of Brumley's party; rather it seems that the blot upon the road spread and grew, and ate up the remaining yards. The white men stopped dead with a jingle of harness, and instantly the leaders of the hillmen stopped too, and the hinder ranks heaved and broke against the van, and remained surging impatiently, with shrill clamourings among the deeper notes.

"Stand there, you robber folk!" blustered Brumley, and he moved into the middle of the road in full view of them, and laid his reins upon the waler's neck. "Turn about and get back to your hills. Quick!"

"Nay, sahib; may we too not walk the roads at night?" drawled a voice insolently, and there was a quiver of appreciation among the invaders. "Robber-folk, O Sahib! Did not our fathers make the road; and are white men to forbid their sons to tread upon it?"

"Who's that?" said Dallas sharply to Mathieson, as he turned to find the yellow pony again at his elbow. "What was that you said of Crighton? His voice—by Jove it is! And yet it can't be!"

"What I said, no less," Mathieson mumbled. "He belonged to 'em, he's gone back to 'em; it's the black blood that does it. Touch o' the sun very likely, rap on the head—off drops the Crighton skin, and out slips Hari's grandson. Mad, of course—he gave me this—but devilish dangerous, and they'll think the gods have sent him. . . . Ah, the blood!"

Brumley's ear did not detect the familiar voice, and its ownership passed unchallenged by him and by the others. He kicked his horse forward a little, so that he could view more clearly the yellow turban and the tall, swathed figure of the spokesman. He was to be indistinctly seen in the forefront of the enemy, and about and behind him were clouded the outlaws, who obscured him in a haze of menacing gesticulation. Those behind swept forward eagerly, and were in their turn buffeted back by the living line that was ruled across the road.

"No insolence, son of a pig!" Brumley shouted, with a rush of blood to his angry face. "This is the Sirkar's land: there is no place here for rebels. Get back to your jungles, every impudent swine of you, or—"

He brandished the hunting-crop, and drew the revolver ostentatiously from his pocket. The hum from the ranks before him rose a half-tone instantly, and the yellow turban detached itself, and moved forward.

"He's done it; told you he would do it," Mathieson said, and he wrenched his pony's head about. "He had his chance: he could have worked the parley, and kept them hawering till Bevis came. Now he'll be smashed."

"Well, we must stick to him, anyhow," said the forest officer, breathing hard.

"Don't be 'nother fool," Mathieson growled. "You're wanted better somewhere else. There's the station to be kept from burning in its bed. Hunting-crops won't save it—no, nor revolvers either. Clean pair of heels will do the business, and you and your beast are young. Oh! I'll ride too, in case of accidents; but remember, it's for you—And then I was scratched by that maniac before." Again he wiped the bead away.

"Or—," Brumley shouted again, and the waler plunged towards the line.

"Can a handful of pebbles stop the course of Gunga, O my brothers?" queried the mocking voice, and with that the raiders swayed forward, shouting, stormed over the obstruction, and submerged the foremost three with a rattle of weapons and a torrent of barking war-cries. The night became suddenly an inferno of dancing, onrushing fanatics. At the *piff-paff* of a rifle, the doctor threw out his hands, coughed, nodded above his horse's neck, and slid invertebrately under the feet of the mob. He disappeared like a stone tossed into the sea. The policeman, rising in his stirrups, hewed frantically at the men about him, endeavouring with a Berserk rage to reach the spot where his friend had gone under.

Dallas saw Brumley draw himself a little apart, and saw the yellow turban dash itself upon him. He plunged forward to the fighting rank, but even as his pony quivered under him, a hand upon the bridle slewed him round, and the voice of Mathieson said thickly—

"Here, I don't care a hang for a pack o' women, but p'raps you do. They'll burn; gad! they will, if news don't get to 'em. Ride, you young fool! Ride!"

And Dallas fled, ducking to the bullets that sped him on his errand.

The man with the yellow turban swept it off his head as he closed with Brumley, and, lo! he was George Crighton. There was no room in the Deputy-Commissioner's mind for consideration of the circumstance; he was only face to face, hand to hand with a subordinate and a rival, who had somehow undergone metamorphosis, and become a potent, militant enemy. What was the tangled tale he had poured into Muriel's ear about the lad? Brumley had half forgotten it. But he remembered astonishingly clearly that this dark-skinned beast had aspired to his own woman, and the primæval savage rose strong, too, in him. He would kill Crighton, he assured himself of that; and he lifted the revolver. Lifted it, and paused: he was held by the glitter of insanity in the eyes before him. And in that instant of hesitation Crighton's knife leapt out at him, and took him clearly between the ribs, and was wrenched and driven home. Brumley fell forward, to be battered out of recognition by a frenzy of blows, spat upon, trampled upon, and cursed at by the madness of Crighton, who had been a white man, and who was now the son of Chota Moti, and the reaper of the harvest of Princes.

When Major Bevis's victorious troop went out next day to pick up their dead and mark the trail by which the invaders had fled, shattered and empty-handed, to their mountains, they found a shapeless Brumley sprawled upon the road and Crighton, shot through the head that was pillowed upon a peaceful arm, asleep in death beside him. Whereat they, knowing nothing, took them equally for defenders of their country, and bore them back to the station to be honoured. Bevis jingled sadly ahead, to get his wife to break the news as gently as might be to Muriel Haviot.

Dallas and Mathieson lingered on the spot. The doctor was dead; but the policeman would recover—perhaps.

"I'm going home," Mathieson grumbled. "Women hanging on an old man's neck with hysterics make me thank my stars I'm a bachelor. They've escaped a toasting, so one ought to be glad. But I've no use for 'em."

Dallas did not follow his words; he looked squarely at him and dragged his attention back to the tragedy.

"Nobody knows but you and I about Crighton," he said. "Shall you tell anyone?"

"Lord, no," Mathieson said. "Let it be. Blood was bad—what else d'you expect from Begum Hari's grandson? An' it came out, as bad blood's bound to do. But that's no reason why we . . . Let it be. I knew George Crighton when he was an ensign—a dashed good fellow, but wild as the devil."

"But why should Crighton—?" Dallas queried persistently.

"Wasn't there something 'bout the Haviot girl?" Mathieson said. "An' isn't old Hari a woman? Two of 'em—what more d'you want? Hari will have enough to do now to show she knew nothing, and likely she will do it; but I knew 'em before you were born, my lad, and I have my own convictions."

"They say the rebels were swarming in her palace gates last night," Dallas said.

"There, you see!" Mathieson said triumphantly. "They'll swarm no more if Government is wise. But Crighton was East and West—and wild blood from both—and East and West can't mix without trouble, 'pecially not if a man's the son of Chota Moti . . . The Lord have mercy on his soul!"

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY IN AFRICA: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT ZANZIBAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EAST AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY



THE SCENE AT THE LANDING-STAGE BEFORE THE SULTAN'S PALACE ON MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ARRIVAL.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN ENTERING THE SULTAN'S PALACE.



THE LUNCHEON-PARTY IN THE VICTORIA GARDENS: MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN THE GUESTS OF THE ENGLISH COMMUNITY AT ZANZIBAR.

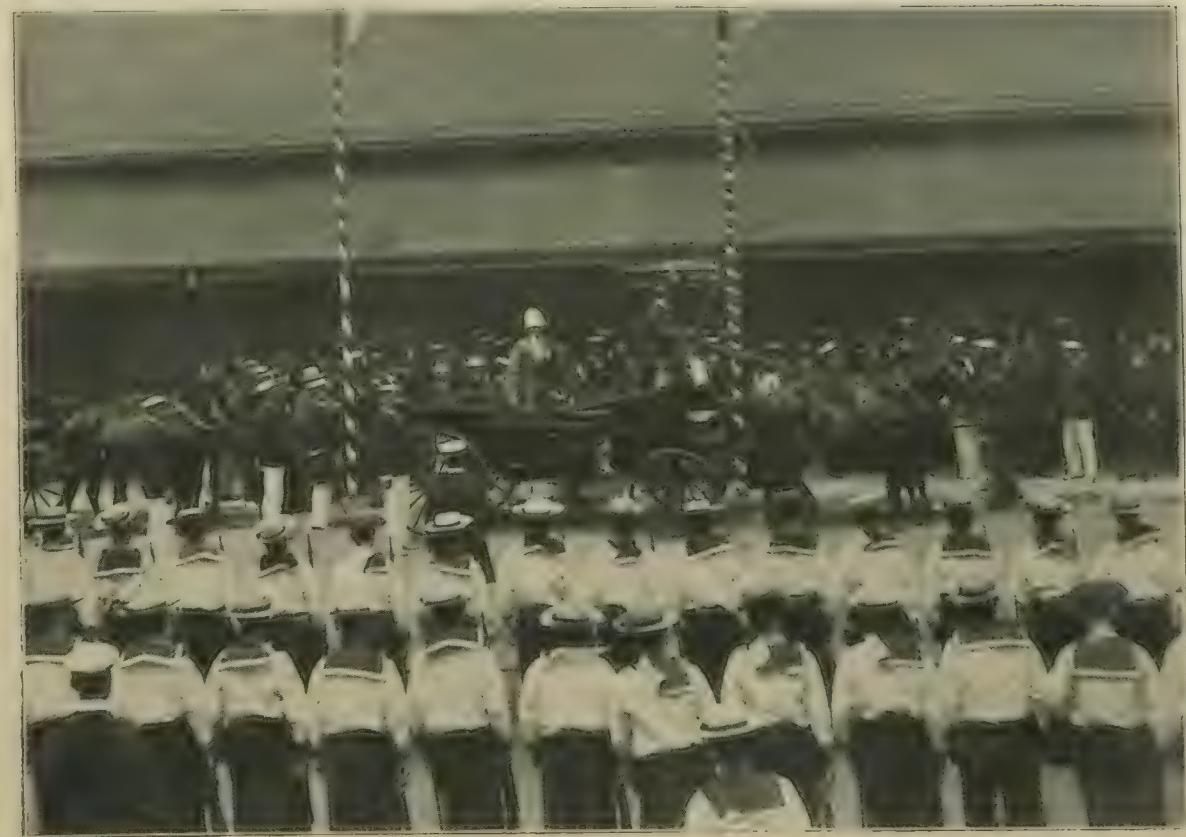
Mr. Chamberlain arrived at Zanzibar from Mombasa on December 21. On landing, he proceeded to the British Consulate, and then visited the Sultan's Palace, being shown to the Palace pier in his Highness's State barge. He was afterwards entertained at luncheon by the British community.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY IN SOUTH AFRICA: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT DURBAN, DECEMBER 26.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE BRADLEY.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE TUG WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN ON BOARD.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE.



THE RECEPTION OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT DURBAN TOWN HALL.



AFTER THE RECEPTION: MR. CHAMBERLAIN, WITH THE GOVERNOR AND SIR ALBERT HIME,
LEAVING THE TOWN HALL.

The Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Chamberlain landed shortly after 10 a.m., and were received by the Governor, the Ministers, the Mayor and Town Council of Durban. They drove to the Town Hall, where they had a most cordial reception.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: SCENES OF THE DELHI CELEBRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIELE AND KLEIN.



LORD CURZON SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE INDIAN ARTS EXHIBITION, DECEMBER 30.



THE VICEROY LEAVING THE ARTS EXHIBITION AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY.



THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY ON JANUARY 1: THE 9TH LANCERS ESCORTING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT INTO THE ARENA.



THE PROCLAMATION CEREMONY ON JANUARY 1: THE ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN THE ARENA.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE PROCLAMATION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



THE STATE ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY IN THE ARENA.

Of the two great personages at the ceremony, the Duke of Connaught was the first to arrive. As soon as his Royal Highness had taken his place, the Viceroy's State Procession appeared, headed by the 4th Dragoon Guards. The Viceroy's bodyguard, composed of native troops, with their bright scarlet tunics and their blue and gold turbans, immediately preceded the Imperial Cadet Corps, whose ranks are filled by the scions of noble Indian houses. These flashed past in a dazzling array of white and blue and gold. Then came the Viceregal carriage, attended by Sir Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar, as aide-de-camp. The outriders of the State carriage were resplendent in scarlet and gold. The Emperor's representative was received by the whole assembly standing, and as Lord and Lady Curzon ascended the dais the artillery boomed forth a royal salute.

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE PROCLAMATION ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.



"LONG LIVE THE KING-EMPEROR!" : THE CHIEF HERALD CALLING FOR THREE CHEERS FOR HIS MAJESTY.

At the conclusion of the Viceroy's speech, the Herald and trumpeters returned to the foot of the Viceregal dais, and, after a flourish of trumpets, Major Maxwell, in full uniform and helmet, called for three cheers for the King-Emperor. The spectators in the vast amphitheatre, springing to their feet as one, responded with a mighty shout, and the soldiers, at a signal from their General, took up the cheer with a simultaneous voice.



THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE VICEROY AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT PASSING THE JAMA MASJID ON THEIR STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI, DECEMBER 29.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

The elephant ridden by the Viceroy and Lady Curzon was the actual animal which carried Lord Lytton on the occasion of the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. The howdah, which is of gold, and upon which is embossed the royal arms, also figured on the same historic occasion. The elephant which bore the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was scarcely less gorgeously caparisoned, his howdah of gold and silver being panelled with elaborate designs. The cloth covering of the Viceroy's beast had emblazoned upon it in gold the English lion rampant; while that of the Duke's was wrought with devices of the sun in glory and the lion rampant. Each elephant was escorted by spearmen and mace-bearers, the latter carrying silver maces, surmounted by Tudor crowns. The Jami Masjid, here depicted by Mr. Melton Prior, is the largest mosque in the world, and was built by Shah Jehan. After the Mutiny, Lawrence was advised to destroy it, but resolutely refused to commit what he deemed an unforgivable act of vandalism.

DELAGOA BAY, THE FUTURE "LIVERPOOL" OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Delagoa Bay, with its port, Lourenço Marques, has for many years enjoyed an international notoriety from its unique position on the East Coast of Africa, and this has been accentuated by the recent events and political changes in South Africa. Its proximity to the Transvaal—from the borders of which it is only between fifty and sixty miles—points to the importance of its future to that country in a marked degree. The town has an excellent water-supply, electric light, and telephone exchange, and an overhead electric tramway system is in course of construction. It is a remarkably well-planned town of, at present, about seven thousand inhabitants; but if you ask the average South African what its population is likely to be in a decade, he will tell you that the inhabitants will probably be counted by thousands where now they are hundreds. From the information which has been allowed to transpire, it is evident that our own and the Portuguese Government are thoroughly in accord as to the mutual benefit which both countries are to derive from the development of this important seaport.

It is announced that a new direct line of railway is to be constructed from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg. This railway will skirt the northern part of Swaziland, continuing in a south-westerly direction through the Transvaal to the terminus of the Ermelo-Machadodorp Railway, at present in course of



WATERWORKS HOUSE, AND HIGH SERVICE RESERVOIR, REUBEN POINT.



HARBOUR AND TOWN, DELAGOA BAY.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS, LOURENÇO MARQUES.

construction, and thereafter take a direct line to Johannesburg via Springs. It will effect a saving of sixty or seventy miles in the journey between the port and Johannesburg.

Hitherto the great complaint at Delagoa Bay has been the absence of sufficient harbour accommodation and of facilities for the transhipment of and the dealing with merchandise. Now that the deadening influence of the Boer régime has been removed, the Portuguese authorities, with the assistance, it is understood, or at least the countenance, of the British Government, are taking active steps to remove this reproach, and it is apparent that the recent visit of Lord Milner to the Bay and of the Governor of Mozambique to Johannesburg was more than a mere exchange of courtesies.

Already a large stretch of quay capable of accommodating twenty vessels is under construction, and will, we learn, be ready to receive vessels alongside in the course of the next few months; and an extension of the railway from its present terminus parallel with the new quay is to be proceeded with.

It is apparent that the possibilities of commercial expansion in the town of Lourenço Marques are very great. Seventeen years ago, Johannesburg was but a name, and even in that period three years of growth were stolen from it by the war. The day may not be far distant when Delagoa Bay will earn its right to the sobriquet which far-seeing South Africans assign to it—the "Liverpool" of South Africa.

THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ALDERSHOT.

*Photo. Knight.*

BEFORE THE FIRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

*Photo. Knight.*

AFTER THE FIRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.

*Photo. Gale and Polden.*

AFTER THE FIRE: GENERAL FRENCH'S RUINED HEADQUARTERS AND GROUNDS GUARDED BY THE MILITARY.

*Photo. Gale and Polden.*

BEFORE THE FIRE: LADY FRENCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

*Photo. Gale and Polden.*

AFTER THE FIRE: THE WRECK OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Government House, Aldershot, the official residence of Lieutenant-General Sir John French, commanding the First Army Corps, was destroyed by fire on the evening of January 15. Fanned by a high wind, the fire, which is stated to have begun in one of the bed-rooms, spread with great rapidity, and the efforts of the Camp, Aldershot, and Farnborough Fire Brigades to save the building were unavailing. A detachment of the Guards saved most of the ground-floor furniture and some valuable pictures and plate, and also formed a cordon to keep back the spectators. At the time of the outbreak, Lady French, the family, and several guests were at dinner. Sir John French was absent.

GOLD IN THE LAND OF THE NILE.

The history of gold-mining in Egypt is lost in antiquity, but many writers tell us that the industry was carried on in very early times, and on an extensive scale. Before the foundations of Athens were laid, before Abraham walked with angels in the Plains of Mamre, the Land of the Nile was studded with great cities. Its annals can be traced back for some four thousand years before the Christian era, and to this day it retains the most ancient memorials of skill and labour existing in the world. The point upon which writers of all times insist is the wealth of ancient Egypt. The eminent Egyptologist, Professor Sayce, refers to the letters discovered a few years ago at Tel-el-Amama as affording some idea of what the gold output of the country must have been at the time of the Israelitish Captivity. If the King of Babylonia wanted gold for a new temple, it was to the Pharaoh that he wrote to ask for it. The King of Assyria addressed his letters to the Egyptian Court, pleading that as his father had received twenty talents of gold of the Pharaoh's bounty, at least as much should be sent to himself. These royal writers again and again refer to the precious metal as being in Egypt as plentiful as the dust. The great Harris papyrus tells in detail of the lavish gifts of Rameses III. to the chief cities and temples of Egypt, and the revenue implied thereby is simply amazing. Two centuries later, when Egypt had lost her Empire, and was devastated by barbarians from the

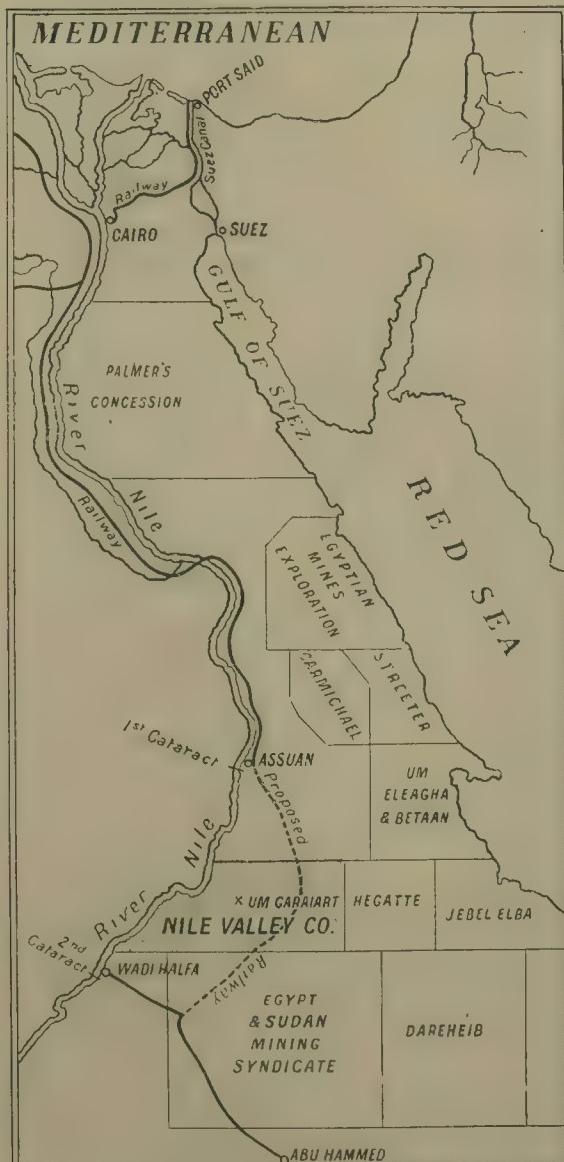
North, the amount of gold yielded by the desert mines was still enormous. At a later date historians recount that the Second Ptolemy had an annual revenue of 14,800 talents, or more than four millions sterling, much of which was derived from the gold-mines. Not only are precise records of the manner of mining preserved in the papyri, but amid the ruins of Beni-Hassan and Thebes sculptures have been found illustrating the process of treating and working gold. Slave labour was employed in the days of the Pharaohs, and the historian Agatharchides writing some hundred and fifty years before Christ, thus described the methods of working: "The



ANCIENT WORKINGS IN THE EASTERN DESERT.



THE UM GARAIART CAMP OF THE NILE VALLEY COMPANY.



MAP OF EGYPT, SHOWING THE AREAS OF MINING CONCESSIONS.

THAT OF THE NILE VALLEY CO., COVERING 3000 SQUARE MILES, IS SHADeD.

factor sought fresh fields of enterprise, reminders of the forgotten industry, in the shape of numerous old workings in various parts of the desert, led to the sending out of exploratory expeditions. The Egyptian Government was applied to to grant prospecting and mining concessions, and in this way a large portion of the country was allotted to groups of capitalists, with whom are associated some of the leading firms of English mining engineers. The accompanying map shows that between the 22nd and 27th parallels of latitude practically the whole of the Eastern Desert has been apportioned for exploration. As there is no jungle or vegetation of any kind, a rough survey of the country can rapidly be made by following the dry water-courses known as wadies. Prospecting rights over an area of some three thousand square miles were granted in 1901 to the Nile Valley Company, which has its headquarters in London. The first exploring party sent out by this company went by Nile boat to a point some eighty miles above Assuan, and struck into the desert, following the course of the Wady Allaki. After journeying about sixty miles, they came upon signs of extensive ancient workings at a place known as Um Garaiart. These old workings are about eight hundred feet long by sixty feet broad, and afford every indication that stone to the weight of some two hundred thousand tons was removed by the ancients. This discovery is regarded as the most important yet made in the direction of locating the ancient gold-mines of Egypt. The Wady Allaki has its place in history, for the records make frequent mention of the mines of Akita in this wady, which were worked for gold during the Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasties. A papyrus now at Turin, brought from Thebes, and supposed to have been written in the thirteenth

century before Christ, contains a map of the mines of Akita, and marks the position not only of the mines themselves, but also of the miners' houses, the well that supplied them with water, and the roads that led to the shaft. The papyrus states that the mines of Akita were first exploited by the Pharaoh Sethos I., who also sank a well in the desert in the hope of finding water. This task he abandoned, but it was resumed by his son Rameses II., who succeeded in finding an abundant and perennial spring, known by his name for many centuries afterwards. Along the Wady Allaki numerous remains of old villages exist, with ruined watch-towers on the hills, suggesting that the mines were regularly guarded in the olden days, although historians tell us that on two separate occasions the miners were driven from their work by barbarian invaders. One of our illustrations shows some of the ancient quartz-mills and rubbing-stones by which the ore was pulverised by the primitive miners. Many hundreds of these interesting relics are to be found in the neighbourhood of the old workings.

Mr. Wells, the mining engineer sent out by Messrs. Lake and Currie to take control of the first exploring party of the Nile Valley Company, quickly decided that the ancient workings of Um Garaiart offered a favourable point for the commencement of operations. Regarding as significant the abrupt ending-off of the old excavations, as though they had been hurriedly abandoned, he sank a prospecting-shaft to a depth of about 110 ft., and was soon rewarded by coming upon a reef of surprising wealth, the quartz being literally held together with gold. About £1180 worth of specimen ore was obtained in two days, when the workings were sealed down, and Mr. Wells returned to England to prepare for the equipment of a larger expedition. This started in September last, and mining has now been in operation for some three months, facilitated by the discovery of a constant supply of water, struck at a depth of 120 feet. One hundred and fifty Abadeh Arabs are at work on the property, and at Christmas Day they had at the surface about eighty tons of remarkably rich ore, which, when crushed and treated, are expected by Mr. Wells to yield the company upwards of £4000. The Chairman and Managing Director of the Nile Valley Company have just returned from Egypt, having secured under the terms of the original concession a mining area of twenty-five square miles, and a full mining lease in respect of the twenty-five acres within which the rich discoveries at Um Garaiart have been made. The Managing Director made the camel journey to Um Garaiart, where he had the satisfaction, by the aid of a pestle and mortar, of crushing gold to the value of over £1000, which he has brought back with him to London.



ANCIENT GOLD-CRUSHING MILLS.

LADIES' PAGES.

There is a remarkably interesting room of a most uncommon character in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this winter. It is filled by a series of sketches and photographs taken from excavations that are now being carried on in the Isle of Crete, where it is believed that they have unearthed the Palace of King Minos. By comparing the discoveries with Egyptian remains of which the date is known, it has been found that these relics date back as far as the eighteenth century B.C. In view of this fact, it is amusing to note in the wonderfully preserved mural paintings that the ladies have exactly the same large puffed sleeves and wasp waists that are to be seen in our fashion-plates of a few years ago. The flowing draperies and natural figure that are known to us as "Greek" followed, possibly as a reaction to the pulled-in waist and stiff style of costume of the feminine members of this long-passed-away civilisation. How strange to see fashion's follies have recurred from so different a state of existence! The ornaments at the disposal of these remote ladies were both charming and varied. The clay archives found are written in an advanced linear script that carries back the history of writing on Greek soil to a thousand years earlier than any other known record. When these hieroglyphics have been deciphered it will be interesting to learn more about these curious people, whose ideas of the type of female beauty our modern civilisation has so unconsciously copied.

There have been an unusual number of smart weddings lately, possibly owing to the end of the war. No fewer than a hundred and fifty marriages are announced to take place at the fashionable churches during January. Very pretty are picture-weddings, where the bride and bridesmaids, and perhaps some of the bride's younger relatives, such as her married sister or cousins, all dress after pictures belonging to one distinctive period. This can be well carried out in the Empire style, or in the Louis (or "Marquise," as it is sometimes called), or in the semi-classical fashion of garb in which Reynolds and Gainsborough liked to dress their beautiful women. There seems to be an increasing fancy for introducing a little colour into brides' dresses; but, of course, it is very slight, not to destroy the white effect. Silver lace and embroideries have been seen at a great many recent fashionable weddings. Lady Adelaide Meade the other day had a most original wedding-dress, the skirt being heavily trimmed with insertion of Tambour lace put over a strong silver tissue that gleamed through very effectively. Her train was of lace with a wide hem and insertion of silver embroidery, and the bodice, which was trimmed round the bust and in a point to the waist with similar silver embroidery, was finished with a yoke of silver tissue and lace.

Military weddings are always interesting and popular. The aisle lined by men of the regiment to which the



A SPOTTED VELVET GOWN TRIMMED WITH LACE.

bridegroom belongs, who cross their swords for the happy pair to pass under at the completion of the ceremony, gives that touch of originality that is so difficult to obtain, yet so frequently sought after at these functions. The go-ahead Americans have started an innovation that will probably find some difficulty in getting itself accepted in England--namely, that of a "bridesmaid," a young married sister or friend of the bride, who accompanies her to the altar in addition to her maids. This lady wears a different costume from her unmarried companions, usually of a more stately character, as becomes her dignity as a married woman. It is most usual nowadays for the bride to be preceded, not followed, by her bridesmaids, which, although not so sentimental, perhaps, is, as a matter of fact, quite reasonable, for in all state processions it is an understood thing that the most important personage shall keep interest alive by coming last; and even the most retiring and timid girl is the centre of all interest on her wedding day. At one smart wedding the order of the procession up the aisle was as follows: It was headed by the choir, after which came the six grown-up bridesmaids, then the centre of attraction herself, with her father. Her train was held by a couple of small pages, and following them and bringing up the rear were two tiny girls wearing wreaths of flowers upon their hair in place of hats.

Dogs and cats are true friends to many people who have not adequate affection from their own kind. It may be, as Bernard Shaw says, that "Love must be asked for; it is like a ghost, it cannot speak until it is first spoken to; and we see the affection we are longing for given to dogs and cats because they come and ask for it," and so bring a little gratification to the hearts of the lonely. But the human gratitude to the animal that "speaks to the ghosts" need not be carried to exaggerated lengths, as is sometimes seen. Shoes for pet dogs to wear out of doors on wet days, together with waterproof coats, may plead some utility, though not much; but jewelled *porte-bonheurs* hanging from the collar, gold bangles set in diamonds, or silken jackets embroidered with coats-of-arms and monograms in bullion, cannot justify themselves except as ostentatious show. However, so many articles of wearing apparel and toilette use are possessed by some fashionable women's wee doggies that a good-sized trunk is required to hold them all. The lid is usually made with crossed elastic on the inside, so that every article of the toilette is exposed to view, while the garments for various occasions are laid away neatly in the little compartments of the box. Thus, a canine belle of the first water will have her tailor-made costumes trimmed with strappings and stitchings, and buttoned down the back or chest; a knitted covering for chilly days, a waterproof for rainy weather, and several lighter silken garments of dainty hues trimmed with real lace and embroidery for other occasions. All these are

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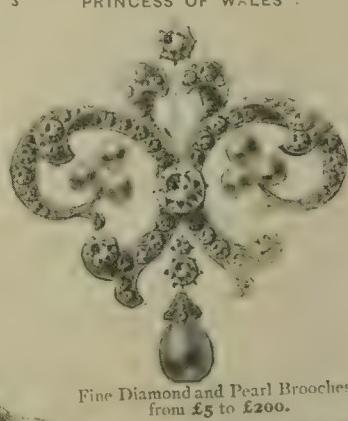
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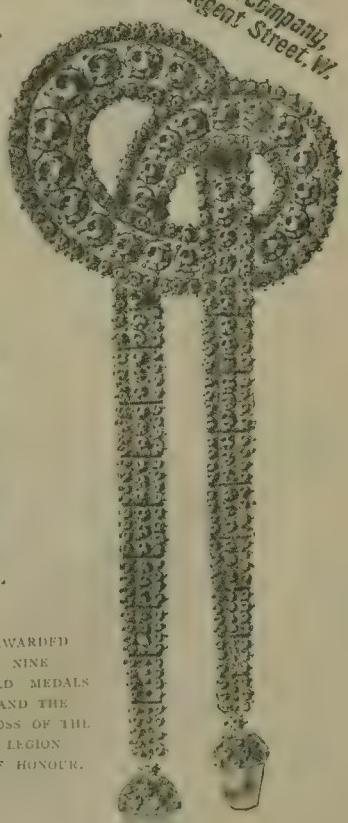
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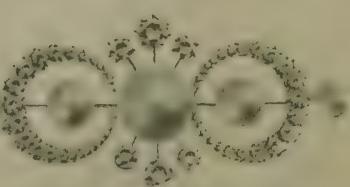
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sometimes made with pockets, in which to tuck the cambric handkerchief embroidered with a monogram. A selection of hats is provided; in fact, there are separate and distinct costumes for every season, every hour of the day, and every social event.

Brushes and combs to keep the pet dog's hair in good condition are, of course, necessary, though they need not be in ivory, with monogram of gold; but a tooth-brush seems decidedly absurd, and one can well imagine that a small, well-brushed bow-wow, dressed in her best silken costume—her hat, her boots, her bracelets, and all the other details of her paraphernalia—and sitting primly in a carriage, must look with eyes of envy on the unkempt little terrier running after a stick, or winning races against his youthful owner, even although the common animal has not a rag to his back, and would only tear a lace handkerchief to shreds if one were presented to him.

On the other hand, however, it is surprising how little care and attention to even ordinary comfort the "friend of man" receives at many hands. Particularly is this noticeable when travelling. A good example is set us in this respect by their Majesties the King and Queen; for the magnificent royal railway saloon carriage recently constructed contains comfortable padded baskets for the use of their Majesties' dogs. The King seldom travels unaccompanied by his Irish terrier "Jack," and the Queen is devoted to her pets. The idea is gaining ground that in all trains there should be a dogs' compartment provided in which the owners could be accompanied by their pets. That this is an excellent idea, and one deserving the immediate serious attention of the railway companies, would, I am sure, be the unanimous opinion of the poor animals.

There is still a considerable diversity of opinion as to the merits of hair dressed high on the top of the head or in a coil on the nape of the neck. Although the fashion of low hair-dressing started originally in Paris, it has caught on here much more readily; for it cannot be denied that the knot of hair on the top of the head is particularly suited to that piquant style of beauty consisting chiefly of expression that is eminently French; while Englishwomen, with their far greater regularity of feature, can better stand the test of low hair-dressing. What prettier style can be found for the fortunate possessor of a low, broad forehead than the hair turned back from the face over a pad, *à la Pompadour*, and twisted into a coil low down on the neck, the severe effect softened by a few feathery curls on the temples? The girl whose hair grows far back, exposing a large expanse of brow, cannot becomingly adopt quite the same simple style, but she can rest satisfied that she is following the dictates of fashion in parting her locks either on the right or left side as may prove most becoming, then bringing a loop of hair as low down as may be necessary to cover the high forehead. In evenings, much decoration



AN INDOOR DRESS OF CLOTH AND VELVET.



A REPROOF.

By PROF. T. S.

It is surprising how many men still exist who, in spite of all the most serious warnings of well-disposed medical men, cannot be induced to take proper care of their persons. No language in the world is capable of waking them out of their apathy. And the part of the body which is most neglected is just one that is most necessary, one on which the digestion depends—that is to say, the whole of the general health—that part which we receive perfect but once in our lives, so that it has to last us to the end. We mean our teeth. The mere fact that the breath is hardly ever sweet when the teeth are neglected should alone be enough to make every man attentive to his teeth, and careful to bestow regular attention upon them. To do so, far from being any great burden, is extremely simple. A man has only to accustom himself to rinsing his mouth daily with Odol, and the sense of reinvigoration which the refreshing feeling arising from rinsing the mouth with Odol occasions might alone be enough to make anyone resolve upon adopting the practice. The rinsing of the mouth is performed in the following manner:

is worn in the coiffure. For a matron, some diamonds in the hair, in the form of an aigrette, a star, or at least a jewelled comb, seem almost indispensable. The Parisian Diamond Company, at 143, Regent Street, 82, New Bond Street, or 43, Burlington Arcade, can supply this necessity of the modern woman's toilette to the greatest advantage, and, what is important in these times, at a most moderate cost. The artistic taste of their ornaments is perfect; that they might be real stones is a secondary point, for any lady, however wealthy, would gladly wear such lovely things just as ornaments, apart from their intrinsic value. A comb gleaming along its wavy edge with the Parisian Company's diamonds, or a little aigrette where the soft blue of the turquoise or the gleam of pearls combines with the glitter of brilliants, is an admirable finish to the coiffure in full dress, or a string of the company's famous pearls looks well woven in the coils of the hair.

Most charming gowns are prepared for sunning themselves upon the terraces of Monte Carlo. One particularly good dress was composed entirely of écrù guipure; the skirt having a flat tablier. It was edged down each side of the front by a narrow band of sable, and ornamented inside that by silk tassels having a touch of green in them. The bodice opened slightly to show a narrow vest of pale-green chiffon. The waistbelt was of olive-green velvet. The hat to go with this was of rush of the same tint as the gown, the brim encircled by folded olive velvet and pale-green chiffon; while a large plume, toning from deep green to almost white, curved gracefully over the brim at the left side. Another simpler yet very becoming gown was of white serge, trimmed with red foulard spotted with white. The skirt was made with three flounces of equal depth, each edged with a band of foulard. The corsage fastened down the centre with red enamelled buttons, and was trimmed by a collarette of the foulard, cut into tabs of varying lengths, the longest reaching below the bust. A narrow flat cape-collar of the white serge over the shoulders and continued round the back completed the design. Another costume was of pale-blue silk. A novel and interesting feature was the basque, which was laid in tucks down the front, continuing those on the bodice. The skirt had a deep flounce, which was trimmed by horizontal bands of lace and tucks. The bodice was finished by black silk tassels. Another particularly graceful gown of grey voile had the corsage trimmed with rows of gauging and a deep collar of lawn embroidered in shades of pink and pale blue. The skirt was finished up to about the knees by three flounces, each headed by rows of gauging, the skirt itself being gathered round the hips.

The first of the illustrations this week depicts a charming gown of black velvet spotted with white. It is trimmed by means of coarse black lace laid over light silk. The second shows a costume in cloth and velvet. FILOMENA.

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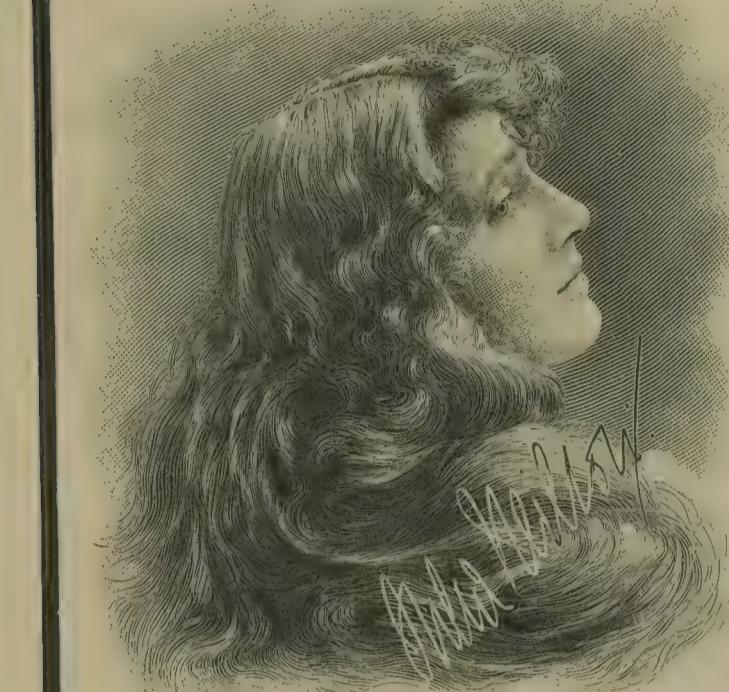
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 13, 1901), with five codicils (dated Oct. 16, 1901, two of March 1, 1902, and Oct. 22 and 28, 1902), of Miss Georgiana Eliza Meynell-Ingram, of Park Lodge, Binfield, Bracknel, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on Jan. 13 by John Charles Francis Ramsden, the Rev. Harrison Goodenough Hayter, and Charles Edward Stuart Foyer, the executors, the value of the estate being £152,759. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 and an annuity of £300 to Miss Aletha Maud Savile; £5000 to and £20,000 in trust for her cousin Frederick Alexander Preston Pigou; £5000 each to John C. F. Ramsden, Louisa Ramsden, and Selina Ramsden; £5000 to Jessie Emilia Boucherett; £1000 to Mrs. Alice Margarette Hayter; £2000 to Hugo Pigou; £3000 to the daughters of Mrs. Margaret Pigou; £1000 to Mrs. Arthur Pigou; £5000 to Lady Boothby; £1000 to Sir Brooke Boothby; and many other legacies and annuities. She further bequeaths £500 to the Society for the Employment of Women; £200 each to the National Life-Boat Institution, the Water Trough and Fountain Society, the Cancer Hospital, Brompton, and the London Fever Hospital; £100 each to the Stafford Infirmary, the Derby Infirmary, the Birmingham Eye Hospital, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; and £5000 for the endowment of

the Yoxall Cottage Hospital, recently built by her. The residue of her property she leaves to Mrs. Alice Margarette Hayter.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1901) of Mr. William Ayshford Sanford, J.P., D.L., of Nynehead Court, Somerset, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Jan. 8 by Colonel Edward Charles Ayshford Sanford, the son, the sole executor, the value of the real and personal estate being £146,205. The testator bequeaths to his children Henry Seymour John Ayshford Sanford and Blanche Clotilde Sanford such a sum as with what has been settled on them will make up £8000 each, a like amount having already been appointed to his daughters Mary Ethel Lady Methuen, Ellen Henrietta Pole-Carew, and Rosalind Lady Shippard. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Colonel Sanford.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1900) of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Milligan, of Caldwell Hall, Burton-on-Trent, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Jan. 13 by Mrs. Gertrude Milligan, the widow, Captain George Dunbar Milligan, the son, and George Herbert Shakerley, the executors, the value of the estate being £120,790. The testator bequeaths £1000, and the income from £10,000 and £20,000 debentures of the Low Moor Iron Company, to his wife; £4000 of such debentures each to his daughters Eva, Ada, and Blanche; £4000 debentures, in trust, for his daughter Hilda; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. On the death of

Mrs. Milligan the £20,000 debentures are to be divided between his five children, the share of his daughter Hilda to be in trust; and the sum of £10,000 to his children George, Eva, Ada, and Blanche. Subject to the use and enjoyment of Caldwell Hall by his wife, he leaves all the residue of his property to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1896), with a codicil (dated Sept. 17, 1902), of Mr. James Henry Drayton, of Mill Hall, Horsham, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 10 by Miss Frances Sarah Drayton, the daughter, John Eagleton, William John Dyer, and Arthur Herbert Pilcher, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,535. The testator bequeaths £500 and during her widowhood an annuity of £1500, or of £200 should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Emilie Amelia Drayton; and small annuities to executors. Until the death or remarriage of his wife, annuities of £100 each are to be paid to his daughters, Frances Sarah, Emilie Gertrude, Mrs. Mary Pilcher, Mrs. Ellen Alice Francis, and Mrs. Florence Amelia Love. Subject thereto, he leaves two shares of the ultimate residue in trust for each of his unmarried daughters, one share each in trust for his married daughters, and one share to the children of any deceased daughter.

We have received a useful little medical work, entitled "Cold - Catching. Cold - Preventing, Cold-Curing" (Epps and Co.), by John H. Clarke, M.D.

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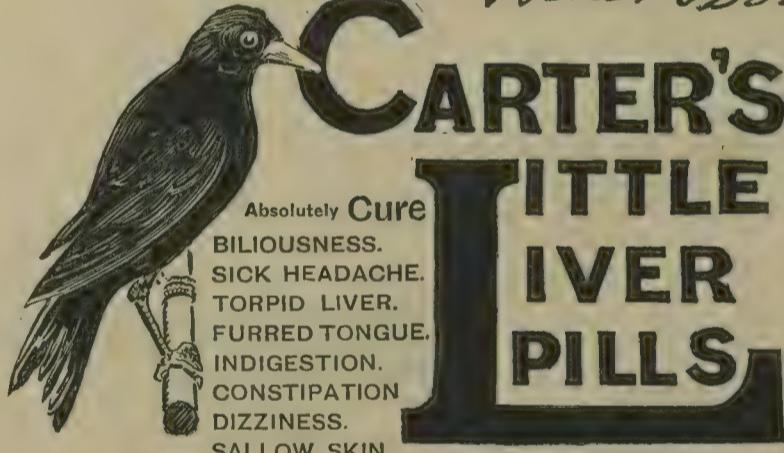
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishops of St. David's and of Bristol will take their places in the House of Lords when Parliament meets. The next vacancy on the Episcopal Bench will be filled by the Bishop of Wakefield.

The Bishop of Brisbane has been moved from the Deanery at York to the South of England, but his condition still gives cause for great anxiety. He has had a severe nervous breakdown, and suffers much from insomnia.

The Bishop of London preached on behalf of the East London Church Fund to a very large congregation at St. Augustine's Church, Bournemouth, on the first Sunday after Epiphany. He seemed in perfect health, and spoke with all his wonted vigour. On the following day he addressed a crowded meeting for the same object, and remarked that his first words must be of gratitude to Bournemouth for enabling him to speak at all that afternoon. He was a very poor creature three weeks ago when he dragged himself out of the train, and he did not think that there were many places which could make him feel, as Bournemouth had done, that he could

address fifty meetings one after another and not feel at the end that he had worked. The accounts of the East London Church Fund for the year showed a deficit of £2000, and the Bishop appealed for two cheques from wealthy residents which would enable him to supply the need.

The centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society falls in 1904, and it is hoped to raise a Centenary Fund of a quarter of a million guineas. A substantial amount has already been promised. Mr. William Canton is writing the official history of the Society, and other writers are preparing the history of the various versions of the Scriptures.

The death of Canon Fisher, of Pretoria, is a serious loss to the South African province, especially at the present time, when new opportunities are opening in the Transvaal. Canon Fisher was educated at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and served during the whole of his ministerial career in South Africa. He had been in Pretoria for ten years.

To the long list of preachers who have been laid aside by illness the name of Dr. John Watson, of

Liverpool, must be added. Acting under medical advice, "Ian Maclaren" has decided to cancel all outside engagements till the end of July. He will confine himself strictly to the work of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church.

Principal Fairbairn visited London last week and addressed two meetings. He lectured on "John Milton" to the Literary Society at the King's Welsh House Chapel, and on the following day he preached to the working men at the noonday service at Bishopsgate Chapel. Dr. Fairbairn has always been a student of the great Puritan poet, and quotations from Milton occur frequently in his sermons.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce that cheap excursions will run every Saturday until further notice to Bedford, Bletchley, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning on same day or on the following Sunday or Monday, and to Newport Pagnell, returning on same day or following Monday. Full particulars can be obtained at the company's stations and town offices.

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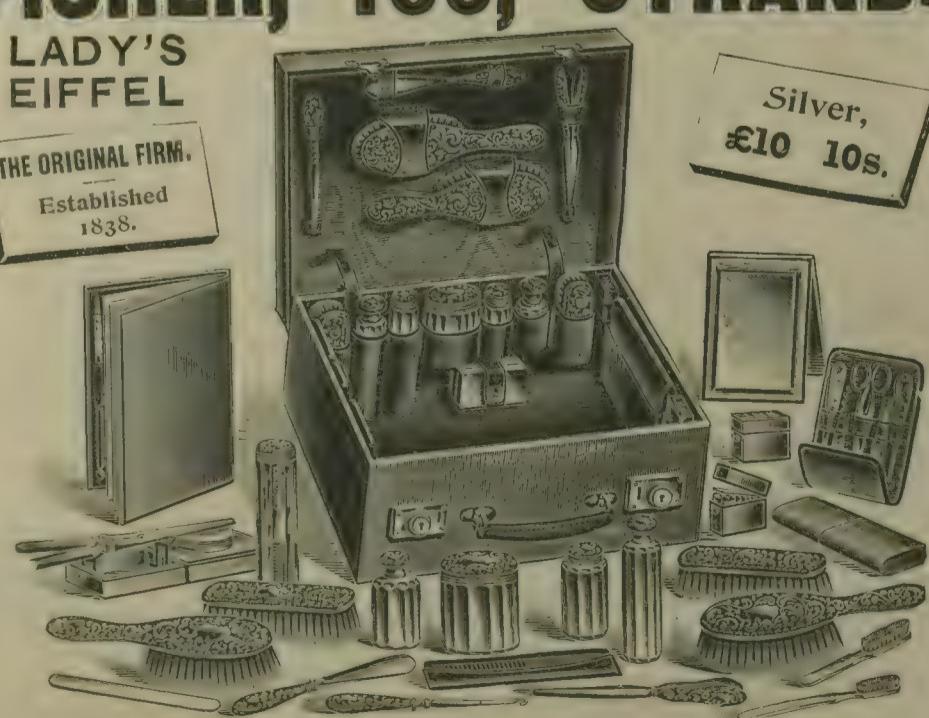
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MUSIC.

On Saturday, Jan. 17, at the Queen's Hall, the Symphony Concert programme was so unfortunately arranged that the most interesting of its numbers was performed at the end, when the audience was tired out and several people had gone. The work was Herr Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Tod und Verklärung." It illustrates the poem of Alex. Ritter, which is translated admirably by Mr. Alfred Kalisch. The genius of Herr Strauss is most clearly shown in this grim and desolate tone-poem, full of sudden tenderness and beauty and of exquisite harmonies; but it should have been given earlier in the programme. Mr. Wood conducted, and the orchestra rendered the work beautifully. The "Sákuntalá" Overture of Goldmark came earlier, and satisfied the ear with its captivating Oriental mode. It had a very warm reception. The work is greatly assisted by its story, in which the daughter of a nymph, brought up in a sacred grove, attracts the

attention of the King, a hunter, who falls deeply in love with her. The betrothal-ring is lost by Sákuntalá, but, after divine magic arts and rites, the King, who has forgotten her, is given back his memory, and Sákuntalá the lost ring, and all ends happily. The love-motive and the nymph-motive are most charming, and the work is cleverly scored, and deserves to become as popular over here as it already is in Germany. The Symphony in D minor, No. 4, of Schumann was also given. The soloists were Madame Garnier and Herr Fritz Kreisler. Madame Garnier sang the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé" by Leo Délibes, and Herr Kreisler, who has the reputation of being one of our greatest living violinists, played the Beethoven Violin Concerto.

At the St. James's Hall Ballad Concert of Jan. 17 the novelties were two clever songs of Mr. Herbert Bunning, entitled "Love's Power" and "Humility." Mr. Ben Davies sang them most effectively. Miss Muriel Foster sang two songs of Teresa del Riego, and

Lady Hallé played two violin solos, "Ungarische" of Raff, and the "Scherzo Fantastique" of Bazzini. Among other contributors to a long programme were Madame Ella Russell, Miss Martha Cunningham, Miss Louise Ormsby, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Denham Price, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa.

On the evening of the same day, at the Steinway Hall, a clever musical and dramatic soirée was given by Mdlle. Milo and Mr. Fenwick Forde. They were assisted by Madame de Preval, Mdlle. Saverny, and Mr. Robert Michaelis. Mdlle. Milo is a very bright, vivacious young actress with considerable charm. She took part in a monologue, entitled "Le Petit Abbé," written by M. Henri Bocage and M. A. Livrat, and the subject is a young French student fresh from an ecclesiastical college. Mdlle. Milo also played in two clever sketches translated from the French by Miss D. M'Geoch, entitled "Promotion" and "The Big Wheel." Mr. Fenwick Forde acted with her in these.

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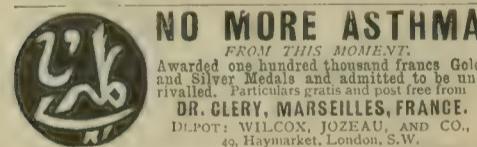
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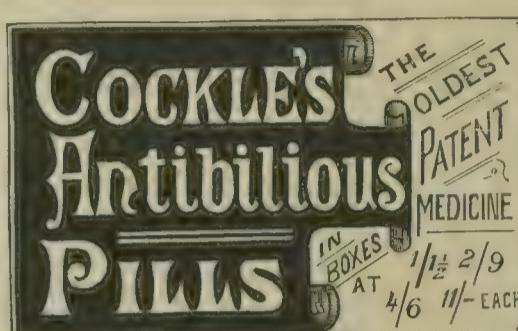
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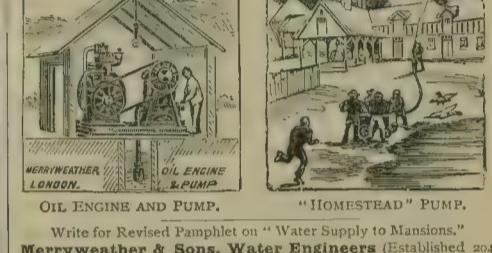
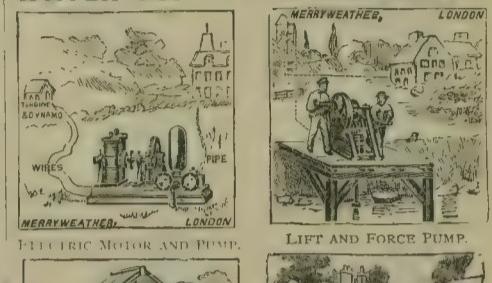
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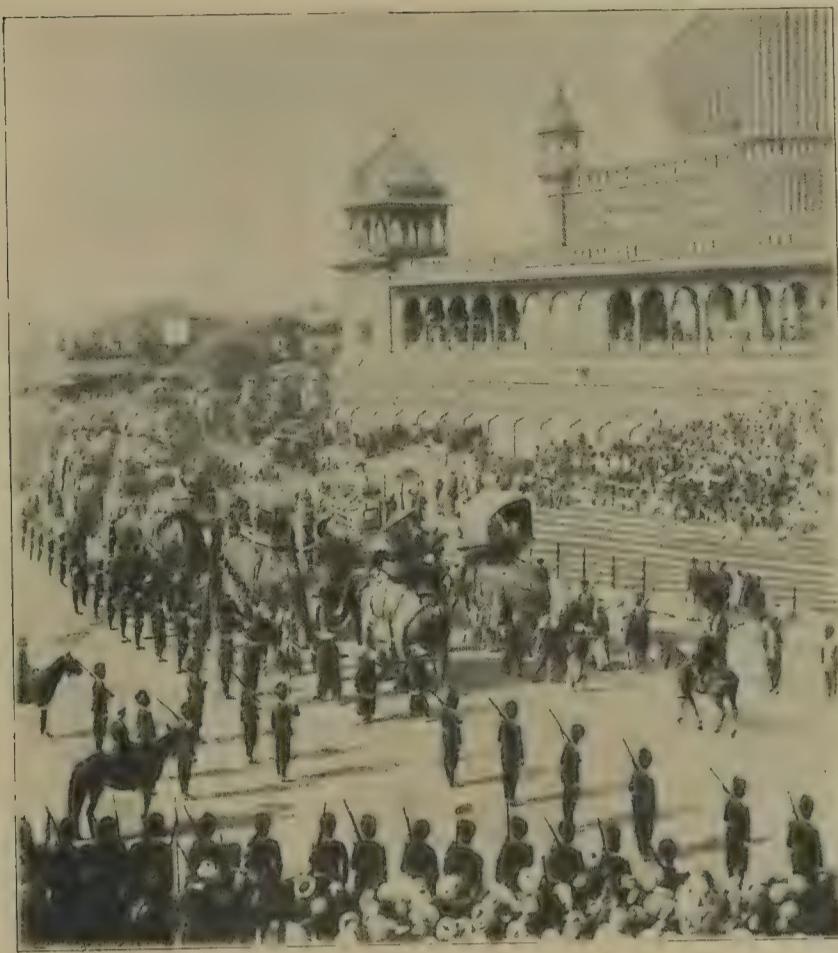
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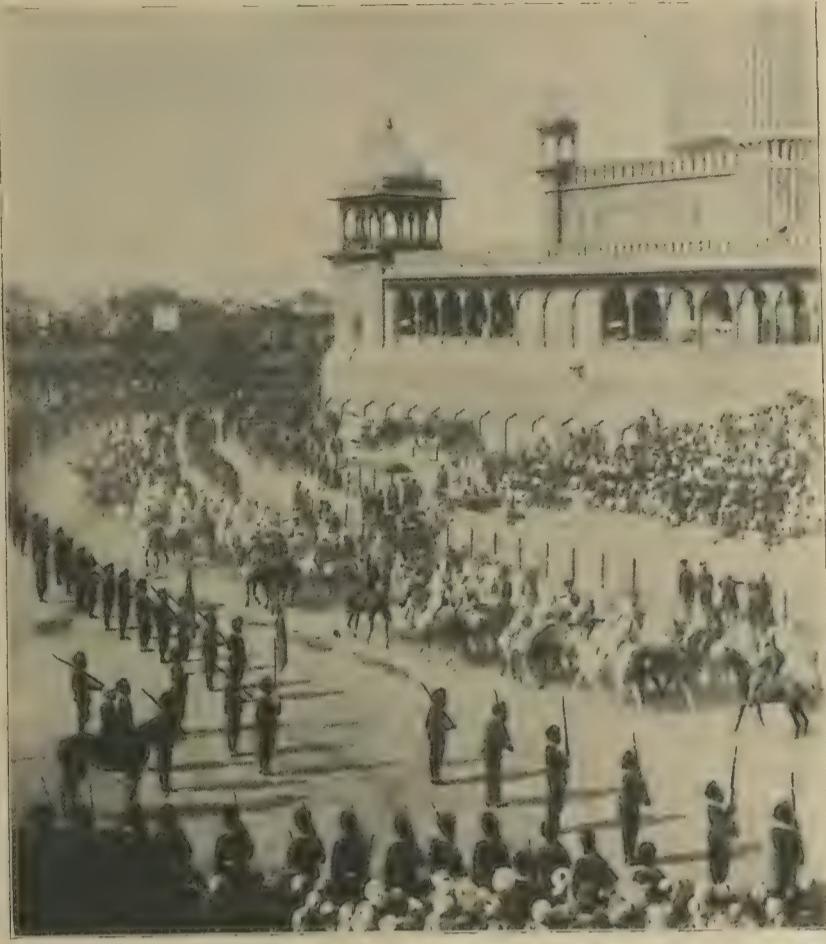
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THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI, DECEMBER 29.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMAN.



THE GROUP OF ASSAM ELEPHANTS IN THE PROCESSION.



THE BALUCHISTAN CHIEFS IN THE PROCESSION.



A BODYGUARD OF PRINCES : THE IMPERIAL CADET CORPS (SONS OF NOBLE INDIAN HOUSES) IN THE PROCESSION.



R. CATON WOODVILLE 1903.

DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

LORD CURZON.

LADY CURZON.

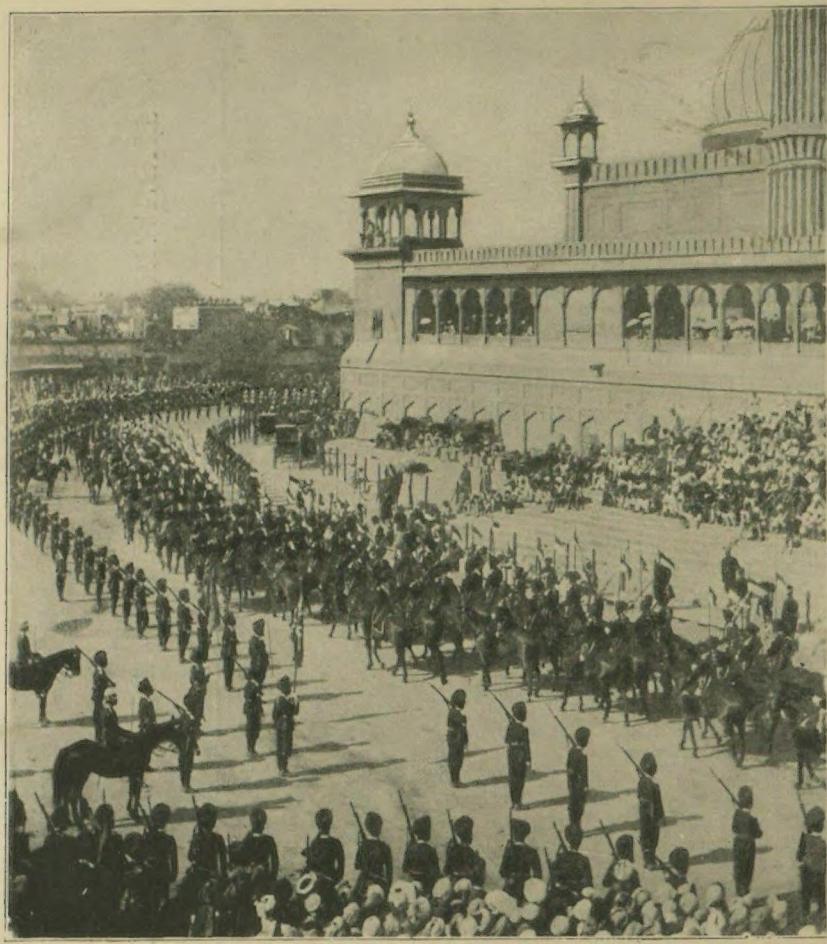
THE VICEROY'S ENTRY INTO DELHI: LORD AND LADY CURZON AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT MOUNTING THEIR STATE ELEPHANTS AT THE RAILWAY-STATION, DECEMBER 29.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DELHI.

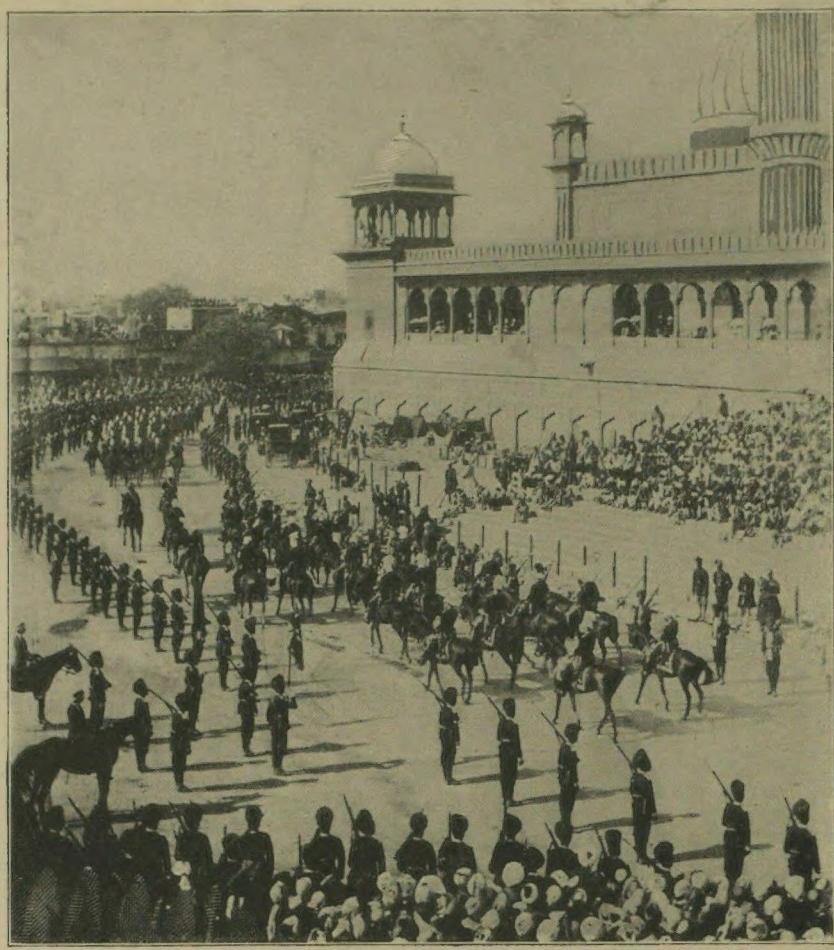
The scene at the railway-station, where the gorgeously caparisoned elephants stood out in strong relief against the dark arched background, was picturesque in the extreme. The elephants knelt to receive their riders, who were assisted to mount the ladders by native servants. The two servants nearest the head of Lord and Lady Curzon's elephant were specially deputed to keep the elephant's gold trappings off the ground. Lord Curzon wore full Court dress. The Duke of Connaught appears somewhat further back in Field Marshal's uniform.—[FROM MR. MELTON PRIOR'S NOTES.]

THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE VICEROY'S STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI, DECEMBER 29.

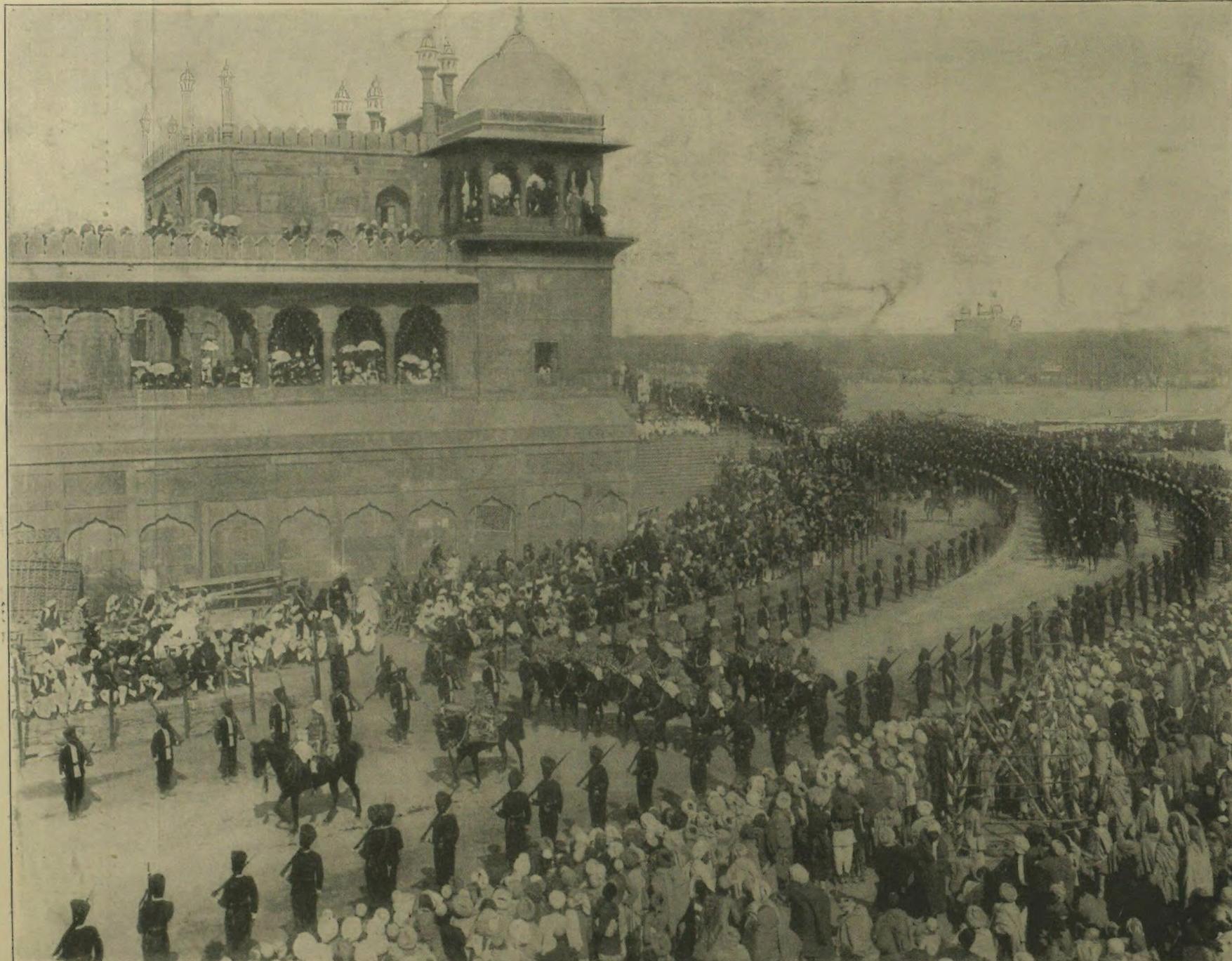
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